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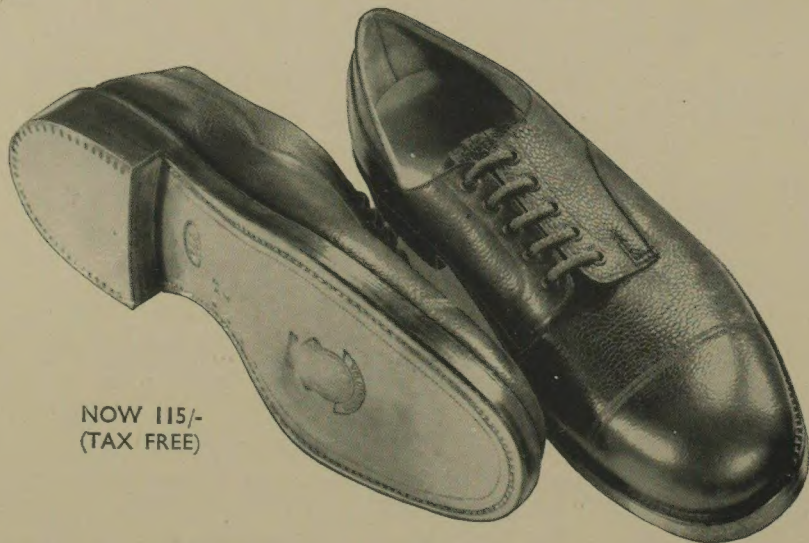
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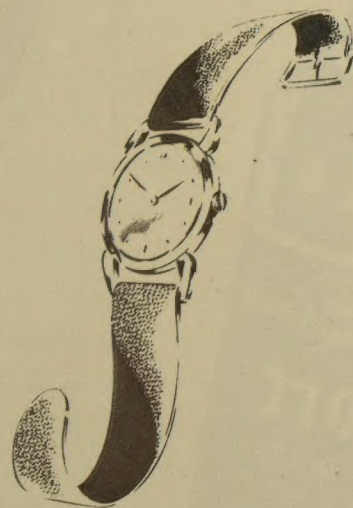
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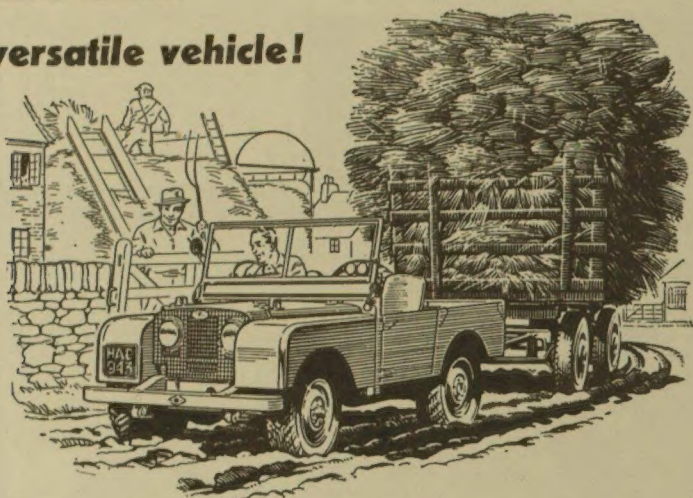
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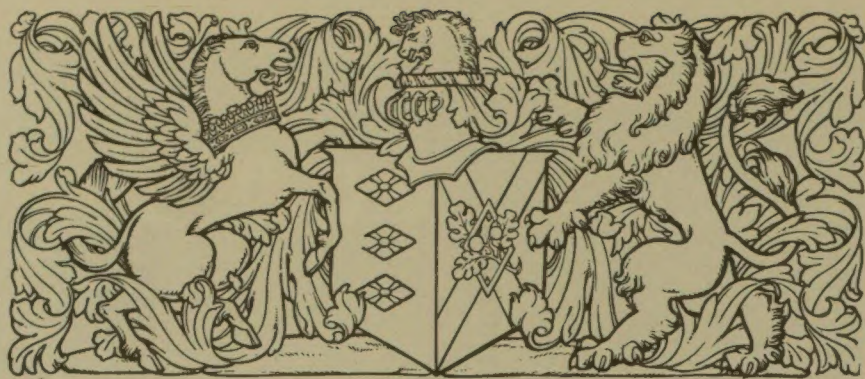
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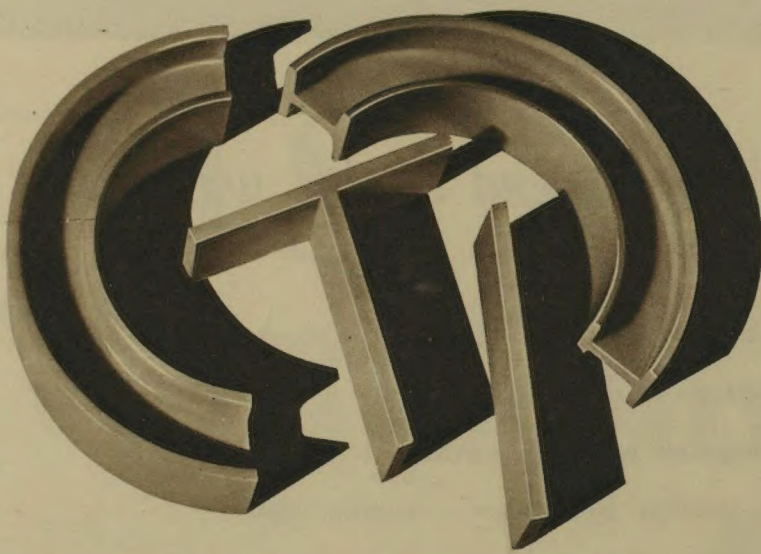
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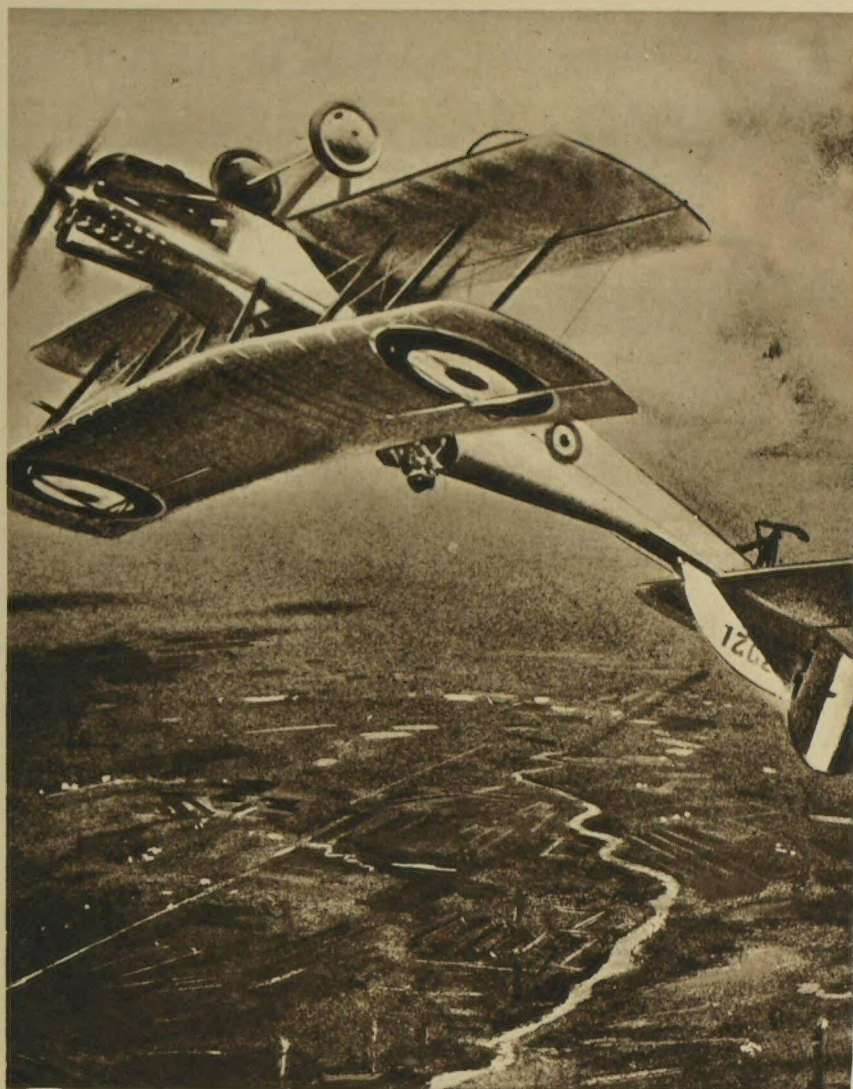
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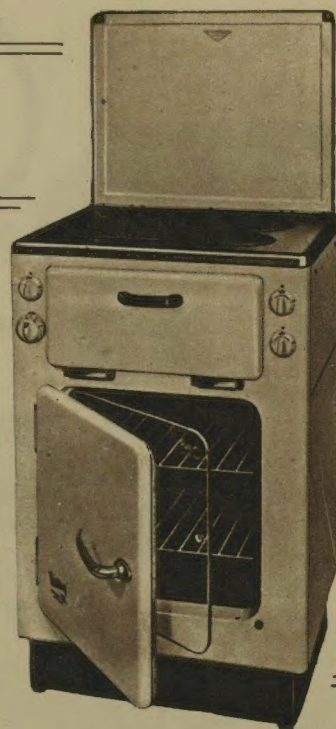
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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1951.



LEAVING BUCKINGHAM PALACE AFTER ENQUIRING ABOUT THE KING'S PROGRESS: MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL,
LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION, ACCOMPANIED BY HIS POODLE RUFUS.

Mr. Winston Churchill was among those who called at Buckingham Palace to enquire about the King's progress after his operation. On September 26 he drove to the Palace, where he signed the visitors' book and stayed for about half an hour. Mr. Churchill was accompanied by his poodle *Rufus*, who remained in the car. The 1951 General Election will be the fifteenth for

Mr. Churchill, who celebrates his seventy-seventh birthday in November. If the Tories win on October 25, Mr. Churchill will become one of the oldest men to be Prime Minister. Octogenarians who have held the office were Mr. Gladstone and Lord Palmerston. Mr. Churchill arranged to open the Conservative campaign on October 2, when he was due to address a mass meeting at Liverpool Stadium.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

"GIRL, 21, To Die: Aided Bandits," ran the headline in the Singapore newspaper I was reading: the date was August 30, 1951. Hanging girls of twenty-one, even for murder, is not a thing to which an Englishman takes very kindly, and, as Malaya is a part, and a most important part of the Commonwealth, I felt constrained to read further. And I found myself feeling perplexed and disturbed. For so far as can be ascertained from the newspaper account of the trial, it was not alleged that the girl had taken part in any overt criminal act or, at any rate, in any act which would be regarded as criminal in this country. She had merely "consorted with bandits." She appears, in fact, to have been in love with a bandit. "As we approached," said a police witness for the prosecution, reporting how his party had seen a blanket spread out in the moonlight with two feet showing from under it, "two men jumped out and tried to run away. I recognised one as a well-known bandit and opened fire." Both bandits were killed, and the girl, who was taken to the police-station next day, admitted that one of them was her fiancé. She pleaded in her defence that he and his companion had forced her to cook for them, and that she had had no opportunity of escaping from them. "This is fantastic," said the Deputy Public Prosecutor, "she could have got away if she wanted to, but she did not." As the judge, after pronouncing sentence of death, started to leave the Court—so the Singapore newspaper reports—an elderly Chinese woman, the girl's mother, flung herself down crying out for mercy and hitting her head against the floor. Her relations did their best, though in vain, to restrain her.

Girls of twenty-one are prone to fall in love, and sometimes to love, as many a parent knows, the most unsuitable persons. Some even fall in love and love criminals. We do not, however, in England, hang them for doing so or for giving way to the instincts natural to those in love. We may judiciously—or injudiciously—be stern and punitive towards them, but we stop short of putting them to death. In Malaya, of course, things are not at all as they are in this peaceful country. For several years its unfortunate inhabitants, including its judges, administrators and police, have been living under an appalling terror imposed by the comrades and prototypes of the two bandits who were shot on this occasion by the police in the exercise of their lawful duty—one heroically carried out by them in the face of constant danger. One cannot effectively deal

with terrorism by the methods which preserve order in a peaceful, undisturbed and inherently law-abiding land like England. To secure and preserve the blessings of government at all one has to employ measures which would be unnecessary, and therefore wrong, in a less troubled country. And in one like Malaya, where the jungle makes the detection and punishment of malefactors, murderers and law-breakers so difficult as to be almost impossible without open war when rebellion is being organised as it has been by the Communist leaders, the sternest methods have to be used by the protectors of law and order if the public peace is to be preserved at all. It is natural and right that those who merely consort with bandits should be severely punished or banished, for the bandits, who show no mercy towards the helpless victims of their atrocious and inhuman crimes, can only be repressed if they are completely isolated. And on their repression hang the lives and well-being of scores of thousands of law-abiding and peaceful men and women; the end for which government exists. For the end of all government is the well-being of the individual man and woman.

We should not, however, in our pursuit of the best methods to preserve order, lose sight of this essential fact. To deprive a girl of twenty-one of her life for consorting with her lover—an action so natural in her that every instinct of common humanity prompts one to sympathy, if not to approval—is to commit the very crime against the well-being of the individual that government exists to prevent. It is to lose, in an indiscriminating zeal for enforcing order—and out, no doubt, of the loftiest motives—one's sense, not only of decency but of proportion. It is to fall into the fatal error that the Germans habitually fell into in their treatment of the restless subordinate populations among whom they tried to preserve order after their conquests.

It may very well be that there were circumstances governing this case about which the newspaper account of the trial said nothing, and which, when

made known, will give the girl's offence—one which, in the anarchy prevailing in the Malayan jungle, might in any case have been properly punished by deportation—an entirely different complexion. It may be—I sincerely hope so—that this terrible sentence will not be carried out on this young woman for having given way, so foolishly and rashly, to the instincts natural to her sex and age. It may be that the Court had no option under the law now prevailing in Malaya but to pronounce such sentence. It may be, too, an altogether isolated and exceptional case of a method of government—government by terror—on which as a people, despite occasional backslidings, we have always prided ourselves on turning our backs. But I can only record the facts as they are reported in this Singapore newspaper, and add to them my humble but emphatic protest at what, if they are correctly reported, seems to me an act of government unworthy of my country. For if this girl has been sentenced to death for doing no more than what is reported of her, she has been so sentenced in the name of the British Government and Parliament that made such a sentence possible, of the British people, of every British reader of this page and its writer. We are all equally responsible for her impending death, and, if we do not approve of it, it is part of the duty we owe our country to protest in the name of the great principles in whose pursuit we are associated in our national and aggregate capacity. It was a practice, I have been told, of the late King George V., to write on occasion to his constitutional advisers and ask them to search their consciences whenever some act was proposed or executed in his name which struck

him as incompatible with the humane and just Christian code in which he had been nursed, and this regardless of whether it was directed against persons of whose acts and beliefs he strongly disapproved. I have always felt that in doing so he did a service to his country which every subject owes also. In the last resort, England—I use the word not in its narrow national but in its broader moral sense—is only great and worth preserving because it is the aggregate expression of the Christian conscience of the individual English man and woman. Whatever offends against that conscience—that uses the power of England to do to an individual that which we should feel to be unjust and brutal if done to ourselves—is a betrayal of what we mean by England. I believe that to permit to be sentenced to death a girl of twenty-one for cleaving to her lover, however grave the provocation—and no one in this sheltered and fortunate island can realise how grave that may have been—is to lose sight of the object for which England and the British Commonwealth exist.

SINGAPORE BECOMES A CITY.



THE CHIEF JUSTICE, IN WIG AND GOWN, READS THE ROYAL LETTERS PATENT WHICH GAVE SINGAPORE THE "STATUS AND DIGNITY" OF A CITY. TO THE LEFT OF HIM STANDS SIR FRANKLIN GIMSON, GOVERNOR OF SINGAPORE; TO THE RIGHT, MR. MALCOLM MACDONALD, COMMISSIONER FOR SOUTH-EAST ASIA.

On the morning of September 22, the Royal Letters Patent giving Singapore the status and dignity of a city were read by the Chief Justice on a platform erected on the steps of the municipal building. After this, the Governor, Sir Franklin Gimson, presented the Royal Charter to the municipal president and spoke of the Greek, Roman and English traditions of "the city" that were being handed down to this youngest city of the Commonwealth. Other pictures of the ceremony are reproduced on the facing page.



THE CEREMONY IN WHICH SINGAPORE BECAME A CITY: A VIEW OF THE COVERED PLATFORM ON THE STEPS OF THE MUNICIPAL BUILDING, FROM WHICH THE ROYAL LETTERS PATENT, THE LETTER FROM THE KING AND THE LETTERS OF GREETINGS FROM MANY CITIES OF THE COMMONWEALTH WERE READ.

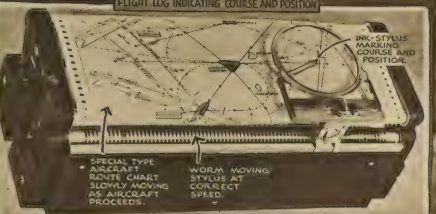
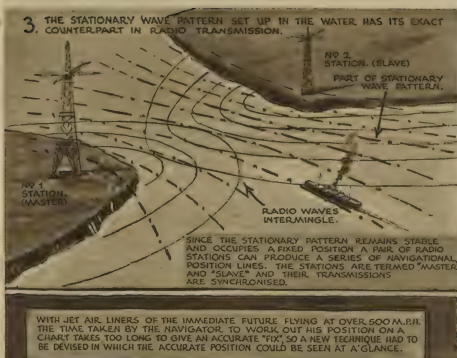
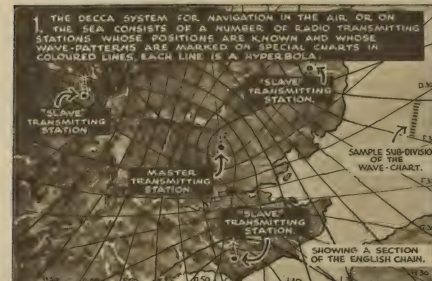


THE CITIZENS OF SINGAPORE GATHER IN THOUSANDS FOR THE CEREMONY IN WHICH THEIR HOME TOWN ATTAINED THE DIGNITY AND STATUS OF A CITY.

THE INAUGURATION OF THE YOUNGEST CITY OF THE COMMONWEALTH: CEREMONIES AND REJOICINGS WHICH MARKED THE HONOURING OF SINGAPORE.

The ceremonial with which Singapore became a city took place, as described on the facing page, on the morning of September 22. This occasion was English in essence, but later in the day the celebrations were Oriental in character. The gongs and bells of the Buddhist temples and monasteries rang out, there were distributions of food at many charitable institutions, and all

the city's lorries stopped their daily work to take part in the great processions. In the Chinese section, a procession, in which every association, clan and guild was represented, took three hours to pass; and there were many manifestations of rejoicing and of an intense civic pride and loyalty, for which the new honour was a fitting crown and expression.



NAVIGATION WITHOUT TEARS: A SYSTEM WHICH PROVIDES AN "AT A GLANCE" POSITION-FIX FOR JET

An important aid to navigation at sea and in the air, the Decca Navigator System, has been in use for several years, but with the recent completion of transmitting stations in the United Kingdom and in Denmark, its coverage has now been extended to the whole of Northern Europe, where stations in France and Germany are now nearing completion. The Decca System may be divided into three elements: the chain of land-based transmitting stations, the Receiver/Decometer combination on the ship, and the specially overprinted charts on which the information from the Decometers is plotted to give a position-fix.

The chain of four stations continuously transmits radio signals which, through the medium of the receiver, actuate three Decometer indicator dials designated Red, Green and Purple. Each displays a numerical reading whose value at any instant depends upon the position of the ship relative to the ground stations. Charts are gridded with sets of Red, Green and Purple lines numbered to correspond to the Decometers. To take a fix, it is necessary only to read off the numbers indicated by, say, the Red and Green Decometers and to find the point on the chart at which the two indicated position lines intersect. At the beginning

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH

AIRLINERS AND ENABLES A SHIP'S POSITION TO BE FIXED ACCURATELY IN ALL WEATHER CONDITIONS.

of a voyage or when entering the coverage area of a Decca Chain, the Decometers (the dials that record the signals) are first set by hand to the correct values and thereafter they count the position-line-units (Lanes) traversed by the ship. The receiver runs unattended; no tuning or other adjustments have to be made by the user, and the set carries only an on/off switch and a Chain selector switch. Although a "fix" can be obtained very quickly by means of the Decometer dials, the navigator of an airliner travelling at 500 m.p.h. would find that in the interval of taking the readings and plotting them his actual position might have

moved as much as five miles from the point established. For this reason a new device known as the "Flight Log" is coming into use. This instrument makes use of the receiving-gear and dials of the standard Decca aircraft set and through relays power is produced to revolve drums which in turn move an aircraft route map, or chart, and an ink stylus. The track of the aircraft appears as a continuous line on the route map and the aircraft's position is visible at a glance. The stylus is highly sensitive to the movement of the aircraft and shows a jink in the recorded track even if a momentary deviation is made.

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I NEVER know whether I am more delighted or exasperated by the Pavilion at Brighton. There it sprawls, domes and pinnacles outside, all kinds of agreeable nonsense within, a wild and incoherent fantasy, and yet somehow logical with the logic of a slightly tipsy but not unpleasant nightmare. I'm sorry I had no opportunity of seeing the recent Festival of Britain Exhibition there, for many fine things, I am told, had been dug out of retirement to adorn the saloons for which they had been originally made, and—so says a good friend of mine who waited in a long queue for an hour outside before he could get in—the show was so much to the taste of the public that it could well have remained open for as many months as it did weeks.

Thinking about this, and the care and imagination which clearly went to the staging of a Regency exhibition in such surroundings, I found myself wondering who, among all the artists of that particular period, could be said to sum up in his own person and achievement, the essential characteristics of Regency Brighton. Obviously, he is not to be found among the great ones; he must be gay, he could be trivial, he should possess elegance, he must not be profound, he might well be heartless, he must not dream dreams or see visions, nor must he preach sermons, and he must not be sentimental. One answer and only one, say I, is possible, and that is Thomas Rowlandson.

Then I began to remember a few of the hundreds of Rowlandson drawings I must have seen in my time, and suddenly Fig. 1 came to mind. It came up at Christie's in 1940 in the Gilbey Collection, and where it is to-day I don't know—but if it really represents what it is supposed to represent, I hope that in due course it will come to Brighton—if it is not there already. It is a long time since I saw the Pavilion, so I don't know whether this particular room can be identified, and I don't very much care. What the drawing displays, and displays very well, are the peculiar talents of this gifted, industrious, light-hearted and incorrigibly raffish draughtsman who, if he had ever been given the opportunity to do a likeness of an archbishop, would have made him slyly triumphant, as if he had just heard he had backed the winner of the 2.30.

Rowlandson is indeed a phenomenon, skating over the surface of the social scene with elegance and gusto, always heartless and sometimes brutal, but redeemed from futility by the nervous vigour of his line, the immaculate placing of his figures and the character he gives to the smallest among them. Perhaps this last point can be appreciated best when he is dealing with crowds in an imposing composition. Look at Fig. 2, "Hertford Market Place on Market Day," which was in the same collection. This is a fairly large drawing in the original—12½ by 23½—

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. QUIRKS AND ODDITIES OF HUMAN BEHAVIOUR.

By FRANK DAVIS.

and is worth a careful study. First, then, consider with what deceptive and apparently careless ease the crowd is handled—a singularly varied pattern, lively and natural. Even if you don't look for detail, you get the impression of bustle, even of noise, beneath the quiet buildings. But look more closely, and you find that each of these little figures is a distinct personage. I have just counted thirty-seven of them,

not mistaken, a naval officer with one arm. His wife is listening politely, but the handsome daughter is bored by all this and surveys the world about her as a queenly young woman should. The dog, a Labrador-Spaniel-Retriever-What-Have-You dog—a very typical Rowlandson animal—looks hopefully at her. In the crowd about the trestle-table in the centre a child is pointing up to something on the table, and here again one is struck by the extraordinary veracity of the gesture—and so indeed it is throughout all these details until one reaches the two figures on the right—the man seated on the cart, leaning his head on his hand—how heavy his head!—and the other man whose back only is visible as he leans forward and upwards—thus and thus do real bodies move and come to rest in space, and yet here it is all set down with a stroke or two of pen and brush. I have spent some space on details because it is so easy to pass them by without realising their fascinating quality. At the same time, there's so much more in the fellow than robust and vivacious good humour. I would be inclined to put it this way. Within his narrow field—and narrow it is—he gambols around with the vigour of a Hogarth, but without the latter's manifest desire to point a moral. Had he ever attempted a series on the lines of "Marriage à la Mode," it is a hundred to one that the moral would have been far from edifying. But I go further than this, though to be sure many will consider I'm guilty of near-treason: in one respect, and in one respect only, he wears the mantle of genius, for however trivial his subjects, his ability to handle the turmoil of agitated multitudes reminds one of Rubens. (I am

talking, by the way, of Rowlandson's draughtsmanship, only—he was no painter.) Consider Rubens' "Kermesse," in the Louvre—the village feast, where the whole population is eating and drinking and dancing in one glorious annual binge. I believe that great diplomat and gentleman, the friend of princes, the finest flower of European civilisation of the seventeenth century, would have had a warm corner in his heart for this racketsy Englishman.

There is room for one more drawing, which shows Rowlandson in a rather different mood—

more poetic and more objective. The view of Monmouth in Fig. 3 is characteristic of a lengthy series of country scenes. Once upon a time they were regarded as of little account, because the emphasis was all upon his figure subjects—indeed, people thought of him as a satirist, which is absurd, for to be a satirist a man must have moral fervour—and to have an eye for the quirks and oddities of human behaviour is something quite different. I forget who first described his formula for trees as "roly-poly." It is a neat phrase and a just one. Here you have them and you can be sure that if you come across a drawing with trees like this, the pen outlining the contours in this nervous scribble, that is the man. Here is no caricature. How natural and simple the angler and the woman leaning over the bridge!—how fine the woman walking away to the right with her bundle of washing on her head!



FIG. 1. "THE PAVILION AT BRIGHTON"; BY THOMAS ROWLANDSON (1756-1827).

What this drawing "displays, and displays very well, are the peculiar talents of this gifted, industrious, light-hearted and incorrigibly raffish draughtsman . . .", writes Frank Davis of "The Pavilion at Brighton," which was formerly in the Gilbey Collection. By courtesy of Christie's.



FIG. 2. "HERTFORD MARKET PLACE ON MARKET DAY"; BY THOMAS ROWLANDSON (1756-1827)—A CROWD SCENE WORTH STUDY. This drawing, which is fairly large (12½ by 23½ ins.), is worth a careful study. It illustrates the artist's genius for representing a crowd with "deceptive and apparently careless ease" and endowing each figure with a distinct personality. It was formerly in the Gilbey Collection. [By courtesy of Christie's.]

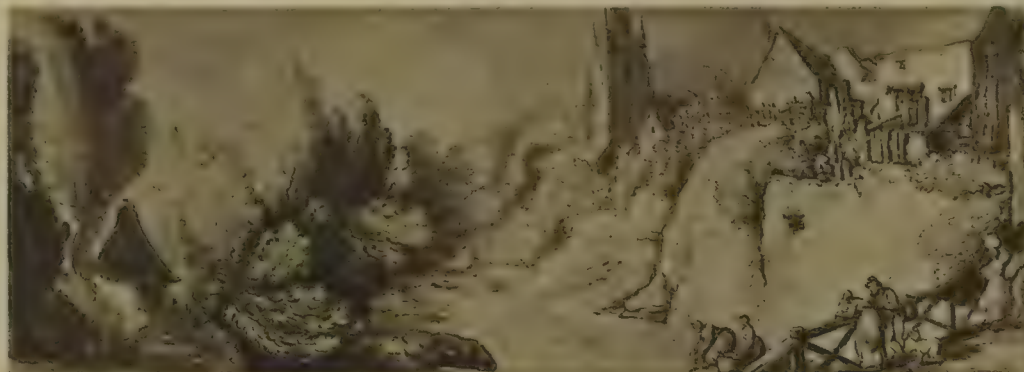


FIG. 3. "MONMOUTH"; BY THOMAS ROWLANDSON (1756-1827), A DRAWING WHICH SHOWS THE ARTIST IN A POETIC MOOD.

The landscape in this drawing is of considerably more importance than the figures, and it is characteristic of a lengthy series of country scenes, once regarded as of little account, but now appreciated at their full worth. Rowlandson's formula for drawing trees has been described as "roly-poly." [By courtesy of the Owner, Mr. Gilbert Davis.]

apart from the dog and the pig, and I have a notion I could recognise nearly every one of them if I met them in the street. The cleric on the left, in his bag-wig, is holding forth with emphasis—note the fat, podgy hand, and note, too, the interested expression of the thin man to whom he is talking—if I am

THE PROJECTED ROYAL FLIGHT TO CANADA:
THE AIRCRAFT, CAPTAIN AND STEWARDESS.



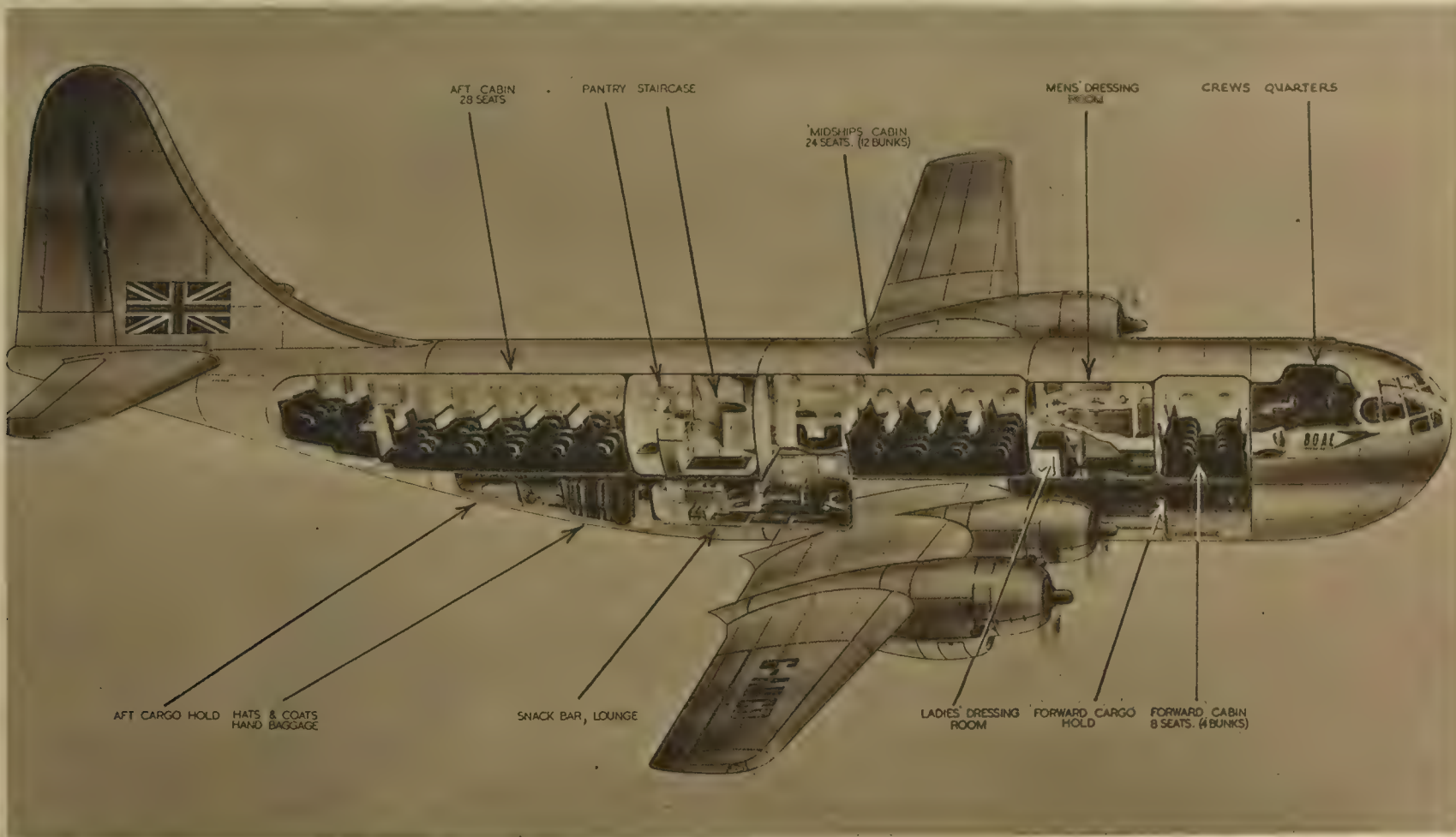
CHOSEN AS STEWARDESS FOR THE STRATOCRUISER IN WHICH THE ROYAL PAIR HOPE TO FLY TO CANADA: MISS JEAN GORDON.



THE TYPE OF AIRCRAFT CHOSEN TO CARRY THE ROYAL COUPLE TO CANADA ON OCTOBER 7:
A BOEING *SPEEDBIRD* STRATOCRUISER OF THE B.O.A.C.



TO FLY THE STRATOCRUISER SELECTED FOR THE PROJECTED ROYAL FLIGHT TO CANADA:
CAPTAIN O. P. JONES, FIRST CAPTAIN.



ILLUSTRATING THE ACCOMMODATION IN A TYPICAL *SPEEDBIRD* STRATOCRUISER—THE AIRCRAFT IN WHICH THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES HOPE TO FLY TO CANADA ON OCTOBER 7: A PLAN SHOWING (L. TO R.) ON THE UPPER DECK, THE MAIN CABIN, PANTRY, AND STAIRCASE TO THE LOWER DECK, AMIDSHIPS CABIN, DRESSING-ROOMS, FORWARD CABIN AND CREW'S

QUARTERS. IN THE LOWER DECK ARE THE CARGO HOLDS AND LOWER DECK LOUNGE. THE STEWARDESS'S STATION IS IN THE TAIL OF THE AIRCRAFT.

THE following announcement was made from Clarence House on September 27, "Arrangements are being made for their Royal Highnesses the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh to start their Canadian tour from Quebec on October 9. They will leave London by air on October 7."

[Continued below, left.]



SHOWING THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE SEATS ON A ROUTINE FLIGHT: THE MAIN CABIN OF A *SPEEDBIRD* STRATOCRUISER OF THE B.O.A.C.

Continued.]

It will be remembered that on September 26 it was announced that the Royal couple had accepted with deep gratitude the suggestion made to them by the Prime Minister of Canada that the start of their tour should be postponed by one or two weeks on account of the deep anxiety which their Royal Highnesses were feeling for the King in his serious illness. The good initial progress made by the Royal patient has been responsible for the project of the journey by air



THE LOWER DECK CABIN OF A *SPEEDBIRD* STRATOCRUISER OF THE B.O.A.C.: THE ACCOMMODATION AND PASSENGERS ON A ROUTINE FLIGHT.

on October 7. The flight is to be made from London Airport in a *Speedbird* Stratocruiser of the B.O.A.C. which normally flies on the *Monarch* service. It was expected that Montreal would be the airport of arrival in Canada and the distance of some 3400 miles should be covered in about sixteen hours. Captain O. P. Jones, senior B.O.A.C. pilot, has been chosen as First Captain. Miss Jean Gordon, the only woman member of the crew, joined the B.O.A.C. in 1947.

The World of the Cinema.

DIM INVENTOR AND BRIGHT EAGLE.

By ALAN DENT

THE British film-makers' two chief contributions to the Festival of Britain have arrived in time, but only just in time. Both have, in fact, been given their first showings within a fortnight of the closing of the South Bank Exhibition. Are they as worthy as they are dilatory? The answer must be in a hesitant affirmative that is certainly never in deadly danger of becoming a distinct negative. One is "The Magic Box," and the other is "The Lady With a Lamp." The first film makes it reasonably clear that Britain has reason to be proud of William Friese-Greene (1855-1921), since he is one of four men—they include Edison—who can put up an impressive claim to have been the original inventor of the cinematograph film. The second reaffirms what we all know very much better—that Florence Nightingale (1820-1910) revolutionised the nursing profession: the strength of its reaffirmation will be examined later down.

A favourite book of my boyhood, Sir Robert Ball's "The Story of the Heavens," had a highly exciting chapter describing how one of the outer planets—was it Uranus or was it Neptune?—was discovered simultaneously by two observers in widely separated parts of the globe. Something of the same sort seems to have happened between Friese-Greene in England and Edison in America in the matter of using celluloid instead of glass for projecting pictures on the screen with sufficient rapidity to give the illusion of movement. Friese-Greene had been experimenting first of all with oiled paper, and in 1887 he took out a provisional patent for a rapid-action camera made to take perforated strips of "paper or other suitable material." The phrase is vague, but it seems certain that this inventor had also been experimenting with celluloid.

What really happened has been too hotly debated for me to be dogmatic on a subject so technical. So let me quote an authority I admire greatly—Ernest Lindgren, who says with the nicest mixture of caution and explicitness: "Friese-Greene's champions have taken this comprehensive phrase—'paper or other suitable material'—to include celluloid film, with which he also experimented, and claim that the priority of his patent entitles him to be regarded as the true inventor of cinematography." The solution to the problem was eventually found in the use of "a thin flexible ribbon of transparent celluloid coated with photographic emulsion." But there seems to be no authority in existence to tell us who perfected the medium and when exactly was "eventually." What we do know for a fact is that Edison in 1889 patented his kinetoscope—the earliest apparatus in which such a celluloid film was actually used. This was a form of peep-show machine for showing photographic moving pictures to one viewer at a time, the photographs being carried on an endless band of perforated film, fifty feet in length.

In the film "The Magic Box," Robert Donat gives an elaborate, beautifully observed and beautifully gradated character-study of Friese-Greene in youth, middle age, and old age—though he remains a man of a curious, incurable dimness. This is a man, it must be admitted, who seems too feckless to take out a patent for anything. But he was twice married, and he had sons, and so delicately persuasive is the performance that we willingly believe that either his family or his friends would tell him what a patent is and exactly how one is taken out. At the very core of the film is the little scene—already famous—in which Friese-Greene devises what must be assumed to be an early form of kinetoscope and, working in his laboratory in the middle of the night, discovers that it is practical, that it works. He rushes into the

street in search of a viewer, finds a moustached policeman on his beat (Sir Laurence Olivier), and rushes the highly suspicious bobby up the stairs to be shown a scene in Hyde Park in motion pictures.

Sir Laurence's P.C. 94B is a vastly more reticent piece of acting than, for example, his *Edipus* or his *Richard III.* or his *King Lear.* It is not, perhaps, a part drawn to the scale of either of those major

but they do not utter it. In the gleam of his nose you are well aware that he has been struck pink, and in the incredulous stare in his eyes you are fully convinced that it would be quite easy to knock him down with a feather. He may possibly emit such relaxed exclamations as these, when he gets home to his missus and his cup of tea, and as soon as he has undone his belt. But meanwhile, and in Mr. Friese-Greene's laboratory, his behaviour has to be—and therefore is—consonant with the perfect dignity of a London copper involved in any predicament howsoever peculiar. He is a solid worthy chap; pre-Trenchard but by no means music-hall. He is the law's true embodiment and utterly dead-right.

For the rest—and principally because practically everybody on and off the British screen has been only too anxious to take part in it—"The Magic Box" has a little too much the air of one of those All Star Galas by which we celebrate the fact that some wonderful lady has been fifty or even sixty years a Queen of the London Stage. Everybody is being so patently unselfish that the occasion ceases to be one calling for criticism. But among the necessarily fleeting appearances, it is not humanly possible to deny a delighted note of recognition to Margaret Rutherford as the most dowagerish of the young Friese-Greene's sitters in the days when he was a mere ordinary photographer. Nor another to Joyce Grenfell as the least assured soprano in a choir singing "Watching and Waiting" on an authenticated occasion when Friese-Greene was not in his place among the baritones, even though the concert was conducted by none other than the great Sir Arthur Sullivan himself.

The play on which the *Florence Nightingale* film was declaredly built, the late Reginald Berkeley's "The Lady With a Lamp," was praised at its first performance in 1929 for being "one of the best chronicle plays of our time, and one which contrives to be theatrical without being false to the known facts about its heroine." That was written by the best dramatic critic of the day, and it was true. Vividly

do I remember how Edith Evans clearly suggested the steely hand beneath the lace mittens, and the great pathos of her Miss Nightingale in old age when she received the Order of Merit and murmuring "Too kind, too kind!" was obviously only dimly aware of the importance of being honoured.

It is not altogether Anna Neagle's fault that she communicates neither the steely purpose of Miss Nightingale's youth and middle age, nor the sadness of her long decline. Some mushy background music—especially a harp and 'cello duo while Miss Nightingale is walking round the wards at Scutari, lamp in hand—does all it can to perpetuate the sentimental legend rather than emphasise the masterful truth. When Mrs. Nightingale remarked to her husband: "We are like ducks who find that they have reared a wild swan!" she was guilty of understatement. The real Miss Nightingale was far more of a bright eagle than a wild swan. The film *Miss Nightingale* begins

as a nice duckling, and grows gradually into a dear old duck. Miss Neagle's support is least good in its most important quarter, that of Sidney Herbert, a part in which Michael Wilding is ill-suited and ill at ease. This film, in brief, is plodding and conscientious rather than inspired. It does not shirk the facts, but it declines to embrace them wholly, and the result is something almost as refined as those aspects of Victorianism which Miss Nightingale spent a long lifetime in blasting and annihilating.



AS A FORMIDABLE DOWAGER, LADY POND, WHO IS ONE OF FRIESE-GREENE'S SITTERS: MARGARET RUTHERFORD.



AS ONE OF FRIESE-GREENE'S ARISTOCRATIC CLIENTS IN FULL COURT DRESS: DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE.



AS THE PAWNBROKER TO WHOM FRIESE-GREENE PLEDGES PHOTOGRAPHIC PLATES: MERVYN JOHNS.



CONDUCTING A CONCERT IN THE RÔLE OF THE GREAT SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN: MUIR MATHIESON.



AS MR. LEGE, SENIOR PARTNER IN A FIRM OF INSTRUMENT MAKERS EMPLOYED BY FRIESE-GREENE: MICHAEL REDGRAVE.



IN THE RÔLE OF A BANK MANAGER IN THE BRITISH FILM-MAKERS' FESTIVAL FILM: EMLYN WILLIAMS.



AS A MOVIE MAGNATE WHO ATTENDS THE FILM INDUSTRY MEETING IN 1921: PETER USTINOV.

NOTABLE ACTORS AND ACTRESSES IN THEIR GUEST RÔLES IN THE FESTIVAL FILM "THE MAGIC BOX."

performances! It consists almost entirely of the two lines, "That's Hyde Park!" and "Where does it come from, and where does it go to?" And in action it consists almost entirely of mounting the inventor's stairs with extreme suspicion and in evident anticipation of finding at least one dead body; shutting off his dark lantern at the inventor's request; staring flabbergasted at the motion-picture throughout its brief length; and then going to the screen to see if there may be anything behind it all to explain the mystery. His lips seem to yearn to utter the word "Blimey!"

THE OPENING OF THE ELECTION CAMPAIGN: PERSONALITIES OF THE THREE MAIN PARTIES.



IN SCARBOROUGH FOR THE LABOUR PARTY CONFERENCE: MISS ALICE BACON, THE PARTY CHAIRMAN, AND MR. CHUTER EDE, HOME SECRETARY.



THE LEFT OF THE LEFT—THE GOING OUR WAY GROUP—AT SCARBOROUGH: (L. TO R.) MR. HAROLD WILSON, MR. ANEURIN BEVAN, MR. IAN MIKARDO, MR. T. DRIBERG, MRS. CASTLE.



AT THE CONSERVATIVE CENTRAL OFFICE: (RIGHT) MR. S. H. PIERSSENE, GENERAL DIRECTOR OF THE CONSERVATIVE ASSOCIATION, WITH LADY MAXWELL FYFE, VICE-CHAIRMAN.



THE COMMONS AND LORDS LEADERS OF THE LIBERALS: MR. CLEMENT DAVIES (LEFT) AND LORD SAMUEL, SEEN IN DOWNING STREET.



AFTER A PRE-ELECTION "PEP TALK" TO CANDIDATES: LORD WOOLTON, CONSERVATIVE PARTY CHAIRMAN, WITH CANDIDATES AND CANDIDATES' WIVES.



OPENING SHOTS IN THE ELECTION CAMPAIGN: MR. ATTLEE SPEAKING AT SLITHWAITE DURING THE COLNE VALLEY LABOUR PARTY DIAMOND JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS.

After the announcement of a General Election on September 19, the appearance of the Bevanite pamphlet "Going Our Way," which strongly criticised the Government, took on the unexpected appearance of an election manifesto. The first of the official manifestoes in the field was the Conservative, signed by Mr. Churchill, which appeared on September 29. Among its points were: an excess profits tax, support for rearmament, high priority for housing and the

denationalisation of steel. The Labour Manifesto appeared on Sept. 30 promising the limiting of capital gains, reduction in taxation of moderate incomes, equal pay in public services, with peace as the party's first duty. During the last weekend of September, Mr. Bevan's group appeared to make their peace with the Party, though Mr. Bevan maintained that the argument was only shelved, and said: "When we get a Labour Government back, we may resume our discussion."

THE LAST MISSION OF A PEACEMAKER.

"TO JERUSALEM"; BY FOLKE BERNADOTTE. Translated from the Swedish by JOAN BULMAN.*

BERNADOTTE, son of a lawyer at Pau, enlisted as a private in the Marines. In 1789 he was a sergeant: but (I quote from a staid old biographer) "the revolution, by sweeping away the arbitrary barriers to plebeian promotion, gave Bernadotte an advantage which he improved so well that, in 1792, he was a colonel in the army of Custine. In 1793 he distinguished himself under Kleber and was raised to the rank of general of brigade and shortly afterwards of division. . . . Between him and Napoleon there seems to have been a constant distrust, if not actual hatred; nevertheless, Bernadotte had the marshal's staff on the establishment of the Consulate, and was created Prince of Ponte Corvo in 1806. In all his campaigns Bernadotte was distinguished from the great majority of the French commanders by the clemency and generosity of his conduct from the moment that the battle was at an end, and it was this conduct, even more than his brilliant reputation as a soldier, that caused him to be put in nomination as a successor of Charles XIII. of Sweden." But who then could have foreseen that the dynasty founded by that very successful adventurer would before long become one of the most solidly established in Europe, and that Princes of his House would achieve eminence in many fields of human activity, from painting to sport?

Now a Bernadotte has died a martyr in the cause of peace. Four months in 1948 saw Count Folke's meteoric career as Mediator for U.N.O. in Palestine—he had been briefly prominent a few years earlier because of his attempts to mitigate the great horrors of the Second World War. "Meteoric," a hack-word in commonplace connections, is a word which may be used with primal freshness in relation to him. He made an arc of light during the period of his brief and noble endeavour, and then his light was quenched as suddenly as that of a shooting-star. For months he flew about—in the end, making his headquarters in Rhodes, the beauties of which island he could not help recording in the midst of all his difficulties and dangers—to and from Syria, the Lebanon, Israel, Transjordan and Egypt, with a single excursion to Bagdad. One happy day he

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

him in the streets of Jerusalem, that he knew the task was rather hopeless. But rather hopeless tasks were the only ones which this sane, modest, enthusiastic man wished to undertake. When he said "Yes" to U.N.O., which was passing the buck to him from that strangely-named Lake Success, he received a mixed send-off from Sweden. "Quite a number of my Swedish friends questioned the rightness of my decision. But it was taken now. There could be no going back on it. I was interested in the way



AT THE BEGINNING OF THE MISSION OF PEACE WHICH ENDED IN HIS MURDER AT JERUSALEM: COUNT BERNADOTTE, THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE UNITED NATIONS, WITH HIS WIFE.

camp after being evicted from their ancestral homes by Jews; his suggestion that the Jews, after all they had suffered under Hitler, ought to sympathise with and help other refugees, fell upon deaf ears. The Jews and the Canaanites, or the Jews and the Arabs, were still set on holding that narrow strip of land between Asia and Africa; the Jews were the deadlier set because they had nowhere else over the whole globe a place which they could call their own. The Arabs, after all, could retire elsewhere, to countries speaking their own language, professing their own religion, cherishing their own traditions. But to the Jews—even though it must be admitted that they were aggressors long ago and made the inhabitants "hewers of wood and drawers of water"—it was a return to Zion. "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept": they still mutter at the Wailing Wall, where there is no wailing but an immemorial whispering. Not all the Jews who have returned to Palestine are Orthodox: some are Communists, some are Atheists, by no means all are approved by the old Jewish inhabitants of Palestine who got on with the Moslems very well. But they all share their Jewishness, and their pride of race, and their desire for a base after all their wanderings and captivities. At this moment there may be in the minds of exceptional men (the farmers of all countries and races want merely to be left in peace with their herds and their crops) dreams of renewed Arab Empires in the Near East and North Africa, dreams of a greater Jewish State, expanding indefinitely with the help of immigration, irrigating, fertilising, mining the hinterland of Palestine. Those kind of dreams encountered Folke Bernadotte wherever he went: he could not reconcile them and he died. Had he survived I dare say that Messrs Truman and Attlee, the U.S.A. and U.N.O., might have asked him to go to Abadan to square another circle. Had that happened, he would have felt it his duty to go; somebody would have shot him; and the wreaths of laurel would have been forthcoming.

This book contributes little or nothing towards the solution of the problem of Palestine, which was staved off years ago by the ambiguous Balfour Declaration and existed for millennia before that. But it does record the unquenchable enthusiasm and determination of a man who refused to admit when he was beaten—which is the right line to take and the line, when taken by us, to which the Germans have so strongly objected. He was no idealistic ass; he knew quite well that he might fail, and probably would; but he thought little of people who wouldn't lead forlorn hopes, if those forlorn hopes were in the cause of humanity as against the recurring perils of burning cottages and butchered children, and hopelessly trailing refugees, with their carts and their wheel-barrow and their whimpering for water and a crust of bread.



PAYING TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF COUNT BERNADOTTE AND COLONEL SEROT AT ORLY AIRPORT: M. ROBERT SCHUMAN, THE FRENCH FOREIGN MINISTER. THE AIRCRAFT BEARING THE BODIES OF COUNT BERNADOTTE AND HIS FRENCH OBSERVER, COLONEL SEROT, LANDED AT ORLY AIRPORT, PARIS, ON SEPTEMBER 21, 1948.

might be enjoying the clean desert hospitality of King Abdullah (another austere, self-driving and sensible hero who was also to be murdered in the City which saw the most momentous murder of all time) in Amman, and the next night he might be sleeping at Shephard's Hotel in Cairo, which the Egyptian Department of Antiquities ought to preserve as a quintessential Saxe-Coburg monument. He did his best with all the conflicting elements. He knew before he started that the reconciliation of Jewish and Arab claims was a tremendously difficult task. Any Englishman—we carried the Mandate, which we never wanted to carry, for many years and our troops were sniped by both parties—who was privy to the loves, hates, desires and memories of that eternal battleground could have told him that his Mission was bound to fail. It seems, from this diary, suddenly cut off shortly before Jewish fanatics butchered

partition and a limitation of Jewish immigration at least a temporary solution, was the victim of murderers who cold-bloodedly blocked a street along which he had to pass, and wrote an apology afterwards because they had also killed a French Colonel whom they thought was somebody else. Well-informed though this gentle, brave man was, he seems to have been surprised by the cauldron of passions and theories into which he was flung. He met obstinate Arab Leaguers; he met a Foreign Secretary of Israel who seemed charming and civilised as a private man, but stone-hard as a politician. He was confronted with difficult arguments. The Jews, for example (and the modern "Arabs" in Palestine are probably the ancient Canaanites), were not as long in Palestine as the Moors were in Spain: should U.N.O. be asked, in common fairness, to hand Spain back to the Moors? Hundreds of thousands of Arab refugees were living and starving in insanitary

King Gustaf [the head of his family], who was shortly to celebrate his ninetieth birthday, reacted. He said spontaneously: "You are right to take the position that has been offered you. I understand, of course, that it is a difficult one and no doubt will be thankless too. But the mission is an honour for you, and I wish you every success in your work."

"And no doubt thankless too": it was a prophetic phrase. King Abdullah, who was willing to agree to partition, was murdered by a fanatical Moslem as he was going to prayer; Count Folke, who saw in an agreed



THE RETURN TO HIS OWN COUNTRY: THE COFFIN BEARING COUNT BERNADOTTE'S BODY ARRIVING AT STOCKHOLM, WHERE IT WAS MET BY HIS WIDOW AND TWO SONS, BERTIL (LEFT) AND FOLKE (RIGHT).

I find it difficult to express in a sentence my opinion about this small book. Perhaps I can put it best by saying: "I wish I'd known that man!" Yet, had I known him, I conceive that I should probably have said to him: "My dear old thing, you're going off on a perfectly hopeless enterprise; please don't do it." And he would have gone all the same. And died.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 550 of this issue.

* "To Jerusalem." By Folke Bernadotte. Translated from the Swedish by Joan Bulman. Portrait Frontispiece. (Hodder and Stoughton; 20s.)

ANCIENT BEAUTY IN MODERN USE.



DEDICATED BY THE BISHOP OF CHELMSFORD ON SEPTEMBER 28 AS A PLACE OF RETIREMENT FOR ELDERLY CLERGY AND THEIR WIVES: THE COLLEGE OF ST. MARK, AUDLEY END, SOUTH AND WEST ELEVATIONS.



SHOWING THE BEAUTY OF THE ELABORATELY CARVED SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY FIREPLACE: THE DINING-HALL OF THE COLLEGE OF ST. MARK, AUDLEY END, FORMERLY THE OLD KITCHEN. THE OLD HALL HAS BECOME THE COMMON ROOM.



AT ONE TIME ALMSHOUSES BUILT ON THE SITE OF A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY FOUNDATION, AND LATER USED AS FARM BUILDINGS: THE WEST FRONT OF THE COLLEGE OF ST. MARK, BEFORE CONVERSION. IT WILL NOW HOUSE TEN MARRIED AND TWO SINGLE CLERGYMEN.

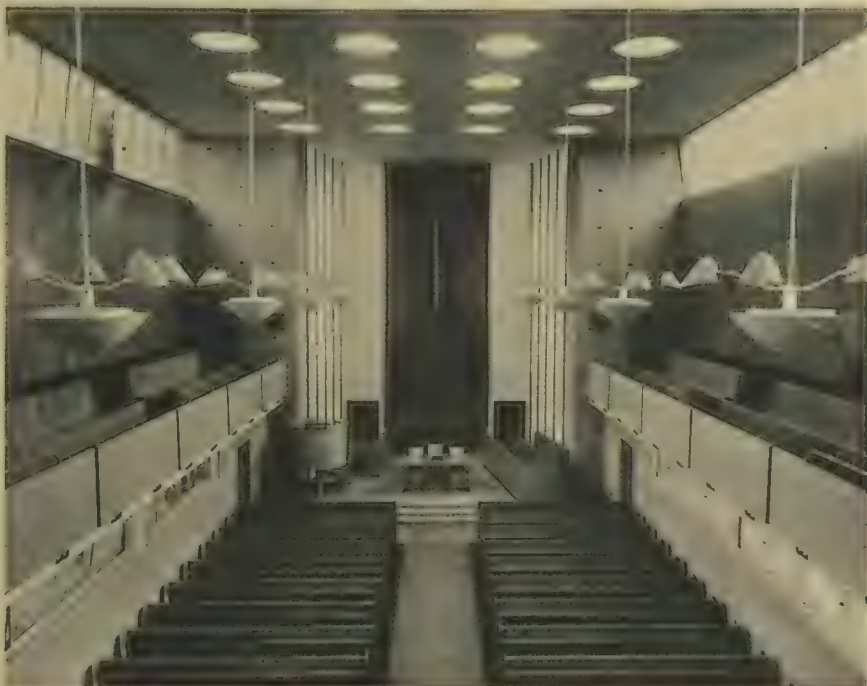
The College of St. Mark, Audley End, dedicated on September 28, by the Bishop of Chelmsford as a place of retirement for elderly clergy and their wives, is an example of a successful adaptation of an ancient foundation to modern needs. The site is that of the *infirmaria* for the use of the Benedictine Abbey of Walden, dedicated by Hugh de Balsham, Bishop of Ely, in 1258; the buildings which will now house ten married and two single clergymen, were evidently rebuilt as almshouses c. 1600, to accommodate twenty old people, in houses round two courts, with chapel, hall and kitchen in the dividing block. When the present scheme was suggested, Lord Braybrooke offered the buildings to the Bishop of Chelmsford. Their conversion has been made possible by subscriptions from many sources, and has been carried out under the direction of Mr. Marshall Sisson, F.S.A., F.R.I.B.A. The Bishop of Chelmsford and a small committee will select the candidates for admission. Some £5000 is still needed to complete the equipment and donations and subscriptions may be sent to the Secretary of the College at Audley End.

MODERN DESIGN FOR WORSHIP.

The austere strictly functional lines of modern architecture are well illustrated by the new Trinity Congregational Church, which had its dedication service on Saturday, September 29. It replaces the old Trinity Church, Poplar, built in 1841 and destroyed in an air raid in 1944, and has been designed by Mr. Cecil Handisyde and Mr. D. Rogers Stark. The site fell under the area of the Exhibition of Live Architecture at Lansbury Estate, Poplar, but the church is naturally a permanent building. Our photographs give an excellent idea of the structure, which includes the church and a parish community centre consisting of numerous rooms for various activities. The architects have aimed at decorative effects obtained by the contrast of the texture and colour of various materials used. These include copper, which will weather a beautiful shade, and pre-cast concrete panels faced with crushed London stock bricks. The panel at the east end of the interior of the church bears a cross. It is of brown fabric patterned with stars, and hides the organ. The pews are of oak, and the interior walls of hardboard.



AN EXAMPLE OF MODERN ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE: THE NEW TRINITY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, POPLAR, AND COMMUNITY CENTRE USED FOR VARIOUS PARISH ACTIVITIES (LEFT). THE OPENING SERVICE WAS HELD ON SEPTEMBER 29.



THE INTERIOR OF THE NEW TRINITY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, POPLAR, DESIGNED BY MR. CECIL HANDISYDE AND MR. D. ROGERS STARK: THE EAST END, SHOWING THE PULPIT (LEFT). THE FABRIC PANEL PATTERNED WITH STARS HIDES THE ORGAN.



REPLACING THE OLD TRINITY CHURCH, POPLAR, BUILT IN 1841, DEMOLISHED IN AN AIRRAID IN 1944: AN EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE NEW CHURCH, ON A SITE WHICH FELL UNDER THE AREA OF THE LIVE ARCHITECTURE EXHIBITION, POPLAR.

WHEN a senior military officer with a distinguished career to his credit enters politics in this country, no excitement or anxiety results. In any case, it is uncommon. Field Marshal Lord Roberts carried out a political campaign, but it was a lone campaign in favour of a single object, that of universal military service, and he did not ally himself to a political party. In many other countries matters have been very different. In France, for example, General de Galliffet, whose part in the bloody overthrow of the Paris Commune was still recalled with bitterness, became Minister of War in 1901. In the 'eighties a still more controversial figure, also Minister of War, General Boulanger, shook the very basis of the Republic and was believed to be aiming at a dictatorship. Memories of Boulanger have created one of the most formidable barriers which General de Gaulle has had to face in our own time. In Greece the Metaxas régime amounted to a military dictatorship, and both admirals and generals have recently played political parts which have involved them in bitter criticism and created violent opposition. The appearance of Field Marshal Papagos at the head of a new political party has therefore a political significance of a special kind.

On May 30 it was announced that the Field Marshal had resigned his office as Commander-in-Chief of the Greek Armed Forces. Next day it was reported that his functions had been assumed by King Paul. I will not go into the causes of the resignation of this tried and trusted military leader, whose prestige, record in war, administrative ability, moral influence, probity and modesty had given him an exceptional position both within the Services and outside them. It was due to a series of relatively small accidents which might have been avoided. I am writing of a man who has shown me much kindness and for whom I have a warm admiration as an individual and in his professional capacity. Throughout his life his country has only too often been engaged in war, and he himself has fought in six wars—First and Second Balkan, First World, Græco-Turkish, Second World, and "Bandit" Wars. His defeat of the far better armed and equipped Italians will always stand as a masterpiece of skill, though he himself told me that he considered operations such as those which he conducted so brilliantly against the Communists on the soil of his own country the most difficult.

Field Marshal Papagos took no action immediately after his resignation. Later on, however, he formed a new party, the Greek Rally, for the elections. He would probably himself not call it a party. He described his aim as the creation of a force independent of existing parties, which would not only stand as a bulwark against Communism, but also keep clear of the manoeuvres which take up so large a proportion of the time and energy of the professional politicians, and he sought adherents from all men of good will. Yet it is inevitable that his following should become a party, if this has not already taken place. I have given some reasons why his entry into politics should have been found significant and have aroused some resentment. The Palace has officially "regretted" it and the political leaders have shown their annoyance. Another reason is that in Greece the fighting Services are susceptible to political influence and excitement. In fact, one of the Field Marshal's tasks since the end of civil warfare has been to keep them free from such distractions. Finally, it is urged that he should not have left his post. It may be a pity that he should have done so, but after all, he is over seventy, and his departure has for some time been a subject of discussion, so that this can scarcely be called an unprejudiced argument.

I write on the eve of going abroad, with the result that this article has to go to press considerably longer than usual in advance of publication. The elections have taken place, after an unusually bitter campaign. It has been announced that the Greek Rally has won the largest number of seats of the many parties contending, but owing to the delays in working out the details of proportional representation, the exact results cannot yet be given or even closely estimated. The best-informed electoral prophets gave the Rally a total of about 110 seats. The effect of its creation appears to have been the stealing of the thunder of the former right wing. The Populists, headed by the redoubtable M. Tsaldaris, have undoubtedly suffered heavily, and they represented above all what would in this country be called Conservative opinion. The Liberals, the party of the Prime Minister, M. Venizelos, have done very much better. The Communist Party having been proscribed, its place

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. FIELD MARSHAL PAPAGOS IN POLITICS.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

has been taken by a new left-wing party which is considered by its enemies to be crypto-Communist, and it has attracted the suffrages of the extreme left wing and seems certain to be strong.

By the time my article appears, the full results will be known and also, what is equally important, the alignment brought about by party alliances to form a Government. The Field Marshal entered upon his campaign with the declared intention of not seeking such alliances, but it is possible that he may have changed his plans. I make no forecast on that question. He may find himself in a position to form an alliance with one single party, and this would be easier to maintain than the usual combination of several. If we measure the colour of the Greek Rally by that of the bulk of its electoral supporters, it

the natural course of events, but after a dispute which touched the Throne and had been the subject of much discussion and—even more important—that he is who he is, Field Marshal Papagos. Those who do not know what this means, who do not realise the respect in which he has been held, the trust reposed in him by the Army and, indeed, all the fighting Services, can have no conception of the

weight of this factor. It has been this prestige which has gained him the measure of success he has achieved at the polls, but it is also this which might, if matters went awry, prove a millstone round his political neck. Even then, it may be that matters appeared to him to be going so badly already as to justify the risk he has taken.

They have indeed not been going happily of late. Those who follow international politics even casually need not be reminded that Greece is a country of many political parties, or that their alliances are like the Hollywood marriages, at least those which occupy most space in the popular newspapers. ("Jack is Sylvia's fourth husband and she is his fifth wife.")

A good deal of energy which would be better employed in administration goes into the process of setting to

partners and either browbeating or placating them. It is known that the Americans, whose financial aid has been and still is so necessary to Greece, have not been satisfied by the progress of reconstruction. This is far from being complete even on the material side, where a great effort has been made and valuable work has been done. It is still farther from being finished on the financial side, which at the moment represents Greece's most dangerous flank. The currency remains shaky and it is doubtful whether any revival of confidence in its strength has taken place. The original Government of M. Venizelos began with the fairest possible prospects, but he has experienced great difficulty in keeping a team together and that which he was leading at the time of the elections was a different one from that with which he started. The Press support received by Field Marshal Papagos was not in the main frivolous and certainly not sinister.

The chief changes in appointments which have resulted from the resignation of the Field Marshal have been appropriate and promise well. General Grigoropoulos, who was a corps commander when I was in Greece a year ago, has assumed the chief post. He does not actually replace the Field Marshal, because the latter's appointment as Commander-in-Chief has been taken over by the King, but he has become the professional head of the armed forces, with the title of Chief of Staff of National Defence. General Tsakalotis, also a corps commander last October, has become Chief of the Staff of the Army. Both are able men, the former cool, far-seeing, with equal gifts for command and staff work; the latter fiery, energetic, and endowed with the prestige of having conducted the main operations against the Communists in the northern mountains during the final stages of the campaign. General Trikilatis, who was formerly Vice-Chief of the Staff and who has always been the trusted assistant of Field Marshal Papagos—it is interesting to recall that he kept the minutes of the conferences with British officers at the time of British aid to Greece during the Second World War—has become Inspector-General of the Army. Had the former Commander-in-Chief resigned on the ground of age, these are the appointments which would have been made. He has left the fighting forces with good chiefs.

I have hesitated before writing what has here been set down. I should feel distressed if it should be taken as criticism, first, because of my friendship and admiration for the chief figure involved; secondly,

because I am not in any case competent to criticise, though I fancy I am rather more so than some who have not felt themselves inhibited from laying down the law on the subject. However, this subject is one of interest and I thought I was sufficiently well acquainted with it to make some points for British readers. Having once made up my mind to write, I thought it desirable to indicate what people felt, or might feel, about the matter, even when I myself had difficulty in accepting their views. Field Marshal Papagos is, above all, an honest patriot, and what he has done has been inspired by nothing but sentiments of patriotism. It remains to be seen whether his judgment has proved correct. I have no notion how his bark will fare amid the storms of Greek politics. I sincerely trust that it will weather them and that nothing in this final stage of his career will prove harmful to the esteem which he has established or to the memory which he will leave behind him.



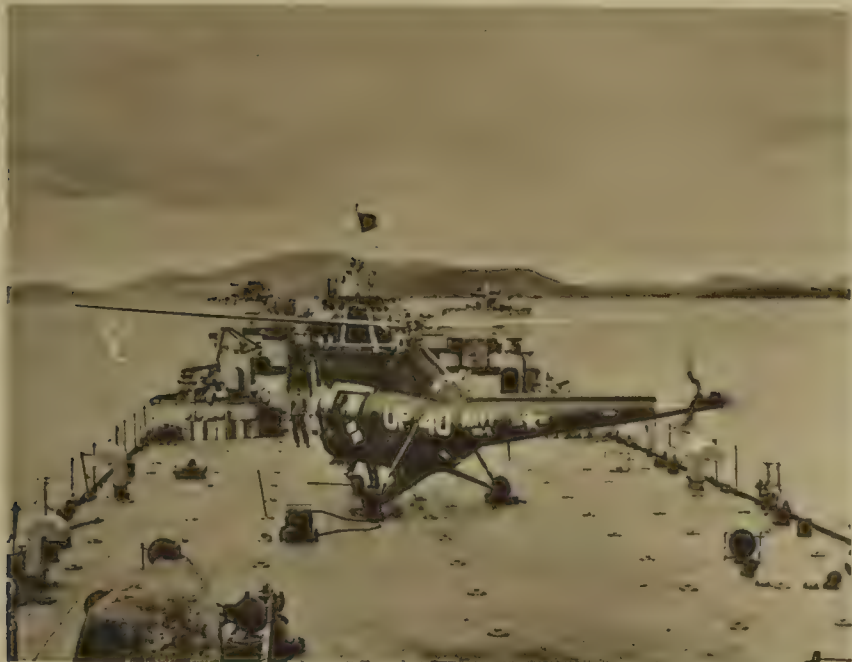
"ABOVE ALL, AN HONEST PATRIOT . . . WHAT HE HAS DONE HAS BEEN INSPIRED BY NOTHING BUT SENTIMENTS OF PATRIOTISM": FIELD MARSHAL PAPAGOS, SPEAKING FROM HIS ELECTION TRAIN DURING THE CAMPAIGN, FROM WHICH THE GREEK RALLY, HIS NEWLY CREATED PARTY, EMERGED AS THE LARGEST SINGLE FORCE.

In this article Captain Falls discusses the Greek political situation arising out of the emergence of Field Marshal Papagos' new Greek Rally as the largest single party in Greece. He was writing before the announcement of the final state of the parties, which was declared on September 25, and which is as follows: Greek Rally (Field Marshal Papagos), 112; Epek or Progressive Alliance (General Plastiras), 74; Liberals (M. Venizelos), 57; United Democrats (crypto-Communists), 10; Populists, 2; Agrarian, 1. At the date of writing it appeared that Field Marshal Papagos would refuse to enter a coalition; and it seemed that M. Venizelos would be asked to lead a coalition of Liberals and Epek, which would, however, command only an overall majority of six.

stands some distance from the Liberals, with other parties, or their remnants, in between. Yet, as I have pointed out, Field Marshal Papagos has not himself adopted a strictly party line or made his appeal exclusively to any one section of opinion. In these circumstances an alliance between it and the Liberals would to the outsider seem to offer the wisest solution and the best prospect of a stable constitutional Government. It is important that no excuse should be given to those who have talked of a military dictatorship to maintain these accusations.

If there had to be a shake-up in Greece coming from opinion to the right of the centre, it may not, after all, be a bad thing that it should come from the hand of the Field Marshal. Possibly there is no one else capable of administering it from that quarter. His military career must in any case have ended shortly. There remain, of course, the objections that he had earlier in the year resigned his office, not in

LAND, SEA AND AIR OPERATIONS IN THE KOREAN WAR THEATRE.



A U.S. LANDING-CRAFT CONVERTED INTO A MINIATURE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER FOR HELICOPTERS, WITH A SIKORSKY S-51 "REVING" ITS TAIL ROTOR BEFORE TAKING OFF.



COLLECTING FOOD AND CLOTHING FOR KOREAN ORPHANS, FROM THE MARRIED QUARTERS OF THE 19TH BOMBARDMENT WING IN THE U.S. AIR-BASE ISLAND OF GUAM.



MUNITIONS AND GENERAL SUPPLIES FOR THE KOREAN WAR ASSEMBLED IN A HUGE DUMP IN JAPAN FOR AIR DELIVERY IN U.S. "FLYING BOXCARs."

At the end of September a solution of the deadlock in the Kaesong armistice talks seemed as remote as ever; but the fighting in the field was increasing in intensity. It was believed that the Communists were building up for a major offensive and the United Nations were engaged in staging attacks designed to catch the enemy on the wrong foot and to give him no peace for his preparations. Naval bombardments



A SMOKE RING WHICH GIVES A DECEPTIVELY PENSIVE AIR TO THE U.S. HEAVY CRUISER TOLEDO'S BOMBARDMENT OF COMMUNIST-HELD WONSAN.



REPORTING HOME TO BASE BY "WALKIE-TALKIE": THE LEADER OF A U.S. MARINE FIGHTING PATROL SPEAKS TO HIS COMMANDER AT THE END OF A SUCCESSFUL RAID.

and aerial warfare were alike intensified; and the U.S. Marines brought off with success what was claimed as the first airborne operation by helicopter. In this, twenty-one big Sikorsky helicopters (HRS-1) were used to drop 220 men and about eight tons of equipment on to the top of a 3800-ft. peak, completing in a few hours what would have taken at least two days to accomplish on foot.

HOME NEWS IN PICTURES: CIVIC CEREMONIES; AND SPORTING OCCASIONS.



AT THE WHEEL OF HIS XK120C-TYPE JAGUAR: STIRLING MOSS, THE BRITISH DRIVER, WHO WON THREE RACES AT THE INTERNATIONAL GOODWOOD MEETING.

The final meeting of the British Automobile Racing Club at Goodwood on September 29 was dominated by two men, the Italian, G. Farina, and the British driver, Stirling Moss, who each won three of the eight races on the programme. G. Farina won the Woodcote Cup, the Third



RECEIVING THE DAILY GRAPHIC TROPHY FROM THE DUCHESS OF RICHMOND AND GORDON: G. FARINA, THE ITALIAN DRIVER, WHO WON THREE RACES AT GOODWOOD.

September Handicap and the *Daily Graphic* Goodwood Trophy in an Alfa Romeo. Stirling Moss won the Madgwick Cup in a 2-litre H.W.M., and the Sports Car Race and Second September Handicap in a Jaguar XK120C sports car.



THE TWO NEW SHERIFFS OF THE CITY OF LONDON: ALDERMAN AND SHERIFF DENNIS TRUSCOTT, T.D. (LEFT), AND MR. SHERIFF C. J. HARMAN, C.C.

Sir Leslie Boyce, citizen and loriner, was chosen on Sept. 29 as civic year beginning on Nov. 9. He will be installed on Nov. 8.



LONDON'S FIRST COMMONWEALTH LORD MAYOR: SIR LESLIE BOYCE (RIGHT), LORD MAYOR-ELECT, WITH SIR DENYS LOWSON, THE RETIRING LORD MAYOR.

Lord Mayor of London for the Sir Leslie Boyce, an Australian,



OUTSIDE GUILDHALL: LADY BOYCE (LEFT), WIFE OF THE LORD MAYOR-ELECT, WITH LADY LOWSON, WIFE OF THE RETIRING LORD MAYOR.

has the distinction of being the first Lord Mayor-elect to hail from the Empire oversea. The election took place at a Common Hall in Guildhall; all the ancient ceremonies were observed.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE SPRINGBOKS: MEMBERS OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN RUGBY TEAM WHO ARE TO TOUR BRITAIN, ON BOARD THE PRETORIA CASTLE AT SOUTHAMPTON. The fourth—and heaviest—South African Rugby team to visit Britain arrived at Southampton on September 28, under the captaincy of B. Kenyon, and with Mr. F. W. Mellish and D. Craven as manager and assistant manager respectively. The team are making Bournemouth their headquarters until they play their opening match against Hampshire and Sussex on October 10. On the evening of their arrival they attended a reception at South Africa House.



IN THIS COUNTRY ON A PLAYING TOUR: THE NEW ZEALAND RUGBY LEAGUE PLAYERS WHOSE OPENING MATCH AGAINST ROCHDALE TOOK PLACE ON SEPTEMBER 18.

The New Zealanders won the first match of their British Rugby League tour 13-9 at Rochdale on September 18, with two goals and three tries to three goals and one try. Our photograph shows (l. to r., back row) H. D. White; W. G. Davidson; K. H. English; C. R. Johnson; G. J. Burgoyne; D. Richards-Jolley; F. G. Mulcare. (Centre row) G. Menzies; T. O. Baxter; M. Robertson (captain); W. B. K. Hough; D. A. Barchard. (Front row) A. Berryman and J. Forrest.



THE CLOSING OF THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE IN THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL ON THE AFTERNOON OF SEPTEMBER 30; SHOWING GENERAL LORD ISMAY READING THE LESSON.

The Festival of Britain came officially to its end on September 30 and the South Bank Exhibition was closed with an impressive ceremony. The Festival Pleasure Gardens at Battersea are remaining open until November 3 and so far have been visited by over 7,000,000 people. On the afternoon of the closing day a service of thanksgiving was held in the Royal Festival Hall, conducted by the Moderator of the National Free Church Federal Council, the Rev. Dr. A. D. Marcus, and the Archbishop of Canterbury gave an address in which he said: "At such a time, when the international scene is one of strain and stress and we are hard-pressed at home to pay our way and meet our obligations, such a demonstration of vitality, enterprise and resilience declares that this old country is still in spirit young." General Lord Ismay, Chairman of the Festival of Britain Council, read one of the lessons, and Mr. W. J. Bowen, Chairman of the London County Council, read the other. Leaders of different denominations, including an officer of the Salvation Army, sat with the Moderator at his table, and among the congregation of 3000 were the Lord Mayor, Sir Denys Lowson,

with the Lady Mayoress, the Mayor of Lambeth and Sir Gerald Barry, Director-General of the Festival. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Fisher, also broadcast in the evening, and said: "The King was to have spoken to you to-night and formally closed the Festival. His absence makes us realise more than ever how in his office and in his person he expresses our unity as a nation and voices for us all that is best and truest in the national character and purpose. I am sure that the Festival has done a lot for our good name. In London and the country there was a family feeling in doing things together; even the spectators had a feeling that this was our show and felt a pride in its going well. So we move on now to our next tasks refreshed, I hope, and replenished; renewed in the sense that to work together, to put our best into the work, and to be happy in it as a family is the way to keep Britain socially, economically and spiritually a 'green and pleasant land.'" The final attendance figure for the South Bank Exhibition was 8,455,863; for the *Campania* floating exhibition, 888,786; and for the exhibition of Architecture at Poplar, 86,646.



THE CLOSING OF THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN: MASSED BANDS OF THE BRIGADE OF GUARDS BEATING RETREAT ON THE FAIRWAY, A VIEW SHOWING THE DOME OF DISCOVERY ON THE RIGHT.

The South Bank Exhibition was visited by 64,853 people on September 30, the last day of the Festival of Britain. The final scenes were watched by a crowd of 35,833, who thronged the Fairway and occupied vantage points on balconies and raised

walks. The massed bands of the Brigade of Guards beat Retreat and Tattoo and accompanied the crowd in community singing. At 9.15 the Archbishop of Canterbury's Festival broadcast was relayed to the visitors to the Exhibition, and at 10.20 the

lights died and the Union Flag and Festival flags were hauled down. Then the lights flashed on once more and the crowd sang the National Anthem, followed by "Abide with Me" and "Auld Lang Syne" before the movement to the gates began, and

soon the site was deserted. The South Bank Exhibition was opened by H.M. the King on the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral on May 3, and has been visited by over 8,000,000 people during its 150-day run.



AN IMPRESSIVE MILITARY CEREMONY AT THE SOUTH BANK EXHIBITION: A VIEW OF THE DRUMS OF THE BRIGADE OF GUARDS BEATING TATTOO.



THE CLOSING ACT AT THE SOUTH BANK EXHIBITION: GUARDSMEN STRIKING THE UNION FLAG AND THE FESTIVAL FLAGS, WATCHED BY THE CROWDS ON THE FAIRWAY.

THE CLOSING OF THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN: MILITARY CEREMONIAL AT THE SOUTH BANK EXHIBITION.

Although space could not be found in the South Bank Exhibition to pay tribute to the part played by the Services in the building of the Land of Britain, the Army was called in to construct the Bailey Bridge over the Thames which leads from Charing Cross to the South Bank (Royal

Engineers) and to provide the ceremonial with which the Exhibition closed on September 30. The massed bands of the Brigade of Guards beat Retreat and Tattoo, and accompanied the community singing which preceded the striking of the Union Flag and Festival flags at 10.20 p.m.

CEREMONIAL, INVENTION AND NATURAL BEAUTY: MAN AND THE UNIVERSE.



THE PRESENTATION OF A NEW GUIDON TO THE 1ST ARMoured CAR REGIMENT, ARAB LEGION, BY KING TALAL: THE CHIEF MUFTI OF THE ARAB LEGION BLESSING THE GUIDON AT AMMAN AIRFIELD. On September 25, King Talal presented a new Guidon to the 1st Armoured Car Regiment, Arab Legion at Amman. After the old Guidon had been trooped for the last time and finally cased in rear of the regiment, the new Guidon, ased, was marched on, placed before the Royal dais, and uncased. After the Chief Mufti of the Legion and the mmam had blessed it, King Talal descended from the dais, presented it to the commanding officer, and addressed the regiment. After a march past, the regiment advanced in review order to salute and hail his Majesty.



AFTER PRESENTING A NEW GUIDON TO THE 1ST ARMoured CAR REGIMENT, ARAB LEGION: HIS HASHEMITE MAJESTY KING TALAL ADDRESSING THE OFFICERS AND THE MEN OF THE REGIMENT ON SEPTEMBER 25 AT AMMAN AIRFIELD.



BRITAIN'S FIRST TWIN-ENGINE HELICOPTER: THE PROTOTYPE BRISTOL TYPE 173, NOW UNDERGOING GROUND TRIALS AT THE BRISTOL AEROPLANE COMPANY'S FILTON WORKS. The prototype Bristol Type 173 helicopter, powered with two 550-h.p. Alvis Leonides LE 23 H.M. engines driving twin rotors, is designed to carry 10-13 passengers, or 2500 lb. freight over medium or short ranges. It is now undergoing ground running trials before its first flight.



THE MIDNIGHT SUN: A SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS OBTAINED BY SEVEN EXPOSURES ON THE SAME PLATE AT HALF-HOUR INTERVALS AT SORTLAND, VESTERALEN ISLES, N. NORWAY. ur photographs of the Midnight Sun were taken at Sortland, about 105.6 miles north of the Arctic pole, by making seven exposures on the same plate at half-hour intervals on July 11, 1950. The first exposure was made at 10.30 p.m., and the last at 1.30 a.m., reading from left to right.



DISPATCHING BY "CELLOPHANE" BALLOONS THE STORY OF THE ESCAPE IN A CZECH EXPRESS DIVERTED INTO WEST GERMANY: THE DRIVER OF THE "FREEDOM TRAIN." On September 11 conspirators arranged to divert a Czech train along a disused track across the frontier into West Germany. The driver who took it over the border is seen dispatching "Cellophane" balloons with the story of this remarkable escape from behind the Iron Curtain, to drift back over Czechoslovakia.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



garden on the coast of Somerset. I had made the foolish mistake of waiting for an opportunity to present itself. That is not the way to make pleasant expeditions. Opportunities have an easy way of becoming

FOR many years I had corresponded and exchanged plants and seeds with my friend Norman G. Hadden, but until this autumn I had never managed to visit him and his

DOWN INTO SOMERSET.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

develop and grow naturally to the greatest perfection. Like Topsy, the whole garden appears to have "grewed," upon its hillside. Nowhere is there any suggestion of planning for effect. There are no conventional herbaceous borders with plants regimented as pawns in the game of colour schemes. Yet beautiful effects occur everywhere—hardy cyclamen carpeting the ground under trees and shrubs, and the blue African lily, *Agapanthus*, and clumps of tall, slender gladiolus-like *Watsonias* cropping up in open spaces as though they were at home at the Cape. The soil is lime-free, and the climate is such that *Dracenas* and several of the palms, eucalyptus, and mimosa grow freely and as though they enjoyed life and rampant health.

In spite of the rather exotic and semi-tropical nature of many of the plants, winter casualties appear to be rare. One danger in visiting such a garden as this, and such a generous gardener as its owner, is that one is tempted to lose one's head and accept gifts of seeds and roots of plants which would never survive a normal inland climate, and, in my case, a stiff lime-ridden soil. We saw flourishing bushes of American "blue-berries," superior, cultivated, named varieties, which were like giant forms of our own native bilberries or "worts," giant both in stature and in size of fruit, and at lunch we enjoyed stewed blue-berries and cream. If anything could drag me from the lime and the cold of the Cotswolds, blue-berries would perhaps seduce me on to a peaty soil in a soft western climate. There were great fruiting bushes of *Myrtus ugni*, and at tea—such a tea—we were given myrtle, or *ugni* jelly, which is like guava jelly on a higher level.

A plant of which I was very glad to carry off a root was that handsome fern *Lomaria magellanica*. Having seen it flourishing at Hidcote Manor, in the Cotswolds, I believe it to be reasonably hardy. I am not particularly fond of ferns as a race. To me they seem to suggest an earlier, almost a coal-age epoch, and there is something cold and uncomfortable about their sex life—no flowers, no seeds, only spores—which leaves me cold, though I know that many of them are beautiful. Maybe it's the fact that I first saw *Lomaria magellanica* growing wild in South Chile that endears it to me. I was cruising down the southernmost coast of Chile in a small coasting steamer on my way to Patagonia. Threading our way amid the channels and thousands of islands of that coast made navigation so tricky that it was necessary to put into convenient coves and anchor each night, and it was in Connor Cove that some of us rowed to a small island, and saw the *Lomaria* growing in profusion and great magnificence. I collected a small specimen and nursed it home alive *via* Patagonia and the Falkland Islands, and later, in a weak and foolish moment, gave it to a friend—who lost it. And so for reasons

of sentiment and association I am very glad to possess this splendid fern again.

One of the most impressive plants that I saw in flower in Hadden's garden was a giant *Agapanthus*, whose immense heads of blue blossoms were carried on stems 4 and 5 ft. tall. Seeds of this were promised to me, and I intend to experiment with it as a hardy outdoor plant in some sheltered corner of my own cold Cotswold garden. These blue African lilies seed freely and are quite easy to raise from seed, and I believe that many more of the species and varieties are far hardier than is generally supposed. How much more satisfactory, and how much less trouble it would be, to have them growing permanently, planted out in the open, than in tubs which must be wintered indoors. The experiment will be worth trying, and even if it's a failure and the seedlings are killed the first winter, it will not have been a very expensive gamble. Immediately next door to Hadden lives E. B. Anderson, President of the Alpine Garden Society. He, too, has a garden which is stiff with good and interesting things. The plant which interested me most was a seedling anemone, a new species collected in the Far East by Sherriff. It is, in effect, a pigmy *Anemone japonica*, only 3 or 4 ins. high. If this dainty and enchanting treasure retains its present dwarfness it will be a treasure indeed.

I know many gardeners who, having visited such gardens as these two Somerset wonders, go home discouraged and filled with gloom that their own gardens are not, and never could be, as wonderful. Chelsea Show has the same effect on many folk. It's a mistake. Who wants a Chelsea blaze, with azaleas and dahlias and 8-ft. delphiniums all flowering together? If one can leave such super scenes with the memory



A FROND OF *LOMARIA MAGELLANICA*, THE HARDY SOUTH AMERICAN FERN WHICH MR. ELLIOTT FIRST SAW IN THE ISLANDS OFF THE SOUTHERN CHILEAN COAST ON HIS WAY TO PATAGONIA AND WHICH HE RECENTLY MET AGAIN IN THE SOMERSET GARDEN OF A FRIEND.

Photograph by D. F. Merrett.

and remaining, "long promised" and nothing more. The only safe way is to make opportunities, firmly and deliberately, pull oneself up by the roots—and go. That is what John Nash and I did early in September. Ever since spring we had promised ourselves a quiet amble, a garden foray in his car, and ever since spring a succession of tiresome things had prevented. At last we ignored all ties and tiresome things, and set out for Porlock. Nash's car was perfect for our purpose. It had a heaven-sent gift for comparative silence, and for just keeping on keeping on at a pace which enabled one to scrutinise all that we passed, foreground as well as middle distance, with comfortable deliberation. Few things need greater moral courage than to stop another man's car to investigate a roadside plant, garden, shop or pub. Usually one is half a mile past the point of interest before one can say a word, and by then resolution has crumbled. It's too late. As a rule, too, one returns by another route—or in the dark. In this matter Nash, his car and I were of one mind. We stopped frequently, and yet made Porlock by early evening, and found a most comfortable hotel. We found, too, that rationing in Somerset is a weak solution of rationing as one finds it in less civilised parts of the country. Meals were generous, largely home-produced, and wholly honest-to-goodness. Two eggs for breakfast seemed to be an automatic matter of course, and they were not the delayed-action variety. The West Country beer was the most gullet-worthy I had met for years.

On, next morning, to Hadden's garden, where we spent a long day of enchantment and bewilderment among his astonishing collection of rare, and interesting, and beautiful plants. It is essentially a garden of plants, grown first and foremost for their interest and their beauty, and every specimen has been sited and planted in the position in which it could

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A subscription to *The Illustrated London News* is the ideal gift to friends, either at home or abroad, whom we are not able to see frequently, yet desire to keep in touch with. Each week as the new copy arrives, the recipient will be reminded afresh of the kind thought of his or her friend, recalling a birthday or other anniversary. Orders for subscriptions can now be taken, and should be addressed to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.

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THE HARDEST OF THE BLUE AFRICAN LILIES, *AGAPANTHUS MOOREANUS*. MR. ELLIOTT SAYS OF THE RACE OF *AGAPANTHUS* THAT "THEY SEED FREELY AND ARE QUITE EASY TO RAISE FROM SEED AND I BELIEVE THAT MANY MORE OF THE SPECIES AND VARIETIES ARE FAR HARDIER THAN IS GENERALLY SUPPOSED."

Photograph by A. Harold Bastin.

of them firmly retained, and with one or two new ideas for adoption at home, and perhaps a root, a bulb or a cutting or two, or a pinch of seed to try out—that surely should suffice. Why grizzle for the moon, or moan because oranges and lemons won't flourish in your Midland garden.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK:

PERSONALITIES IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

H.M. THE QUEEN.

H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET.

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

COUNSELLORS OF STATE, APPOINTED ON ACCOUNT OF THE KING'S ILLNESS.

On September 27, Buckingham Palace announced: "The King has to-day signed a warrant authorising the appointment, under Letters Patent, of Counsellors of State to deal temporarily with the current business in the United Kingdom and Colonies which requires the Sovereign's approval." Counsellors

of State were appointed in 1947 when their Majesties and the Princesses were in South Africa; when the King was absent from the country, during the war, in 1943 and 1944; and in 1939, when their Majesties visited Canada and the U.S. This is the first occasion on which Princess Margaret has been appointed.



BEFORE LEAVING FOR SWITZERLAND: QUEEN SURAYA SEEN WITH THE SHAH OF PERSIA AND PRINCESS SHARNAZ. Queen Suraya of Persia, wife of the Shah, whom she married in February this year, arrived in Geneva by air from Teheran on September 26. She went for medical consultation and was expected to stay for a week or ten days. Princess Sharnaz, born in 1940, is the daughter of the Shah by his former marriage to Princess Fawzieh of Egypt.

CLERK OF THE PARLIAMENTS FROM 1934 UNTIL 1949: THE LATE LORD BADELEY. Lord Badeley, who died on September 27, aged seventy-seven, was Clerk of the Parliaments from 1934 until 1949. He was created a Baron in the Birthday Honours just after his retirement in 1949. Educated at Radley and Trinity College, Oxford, he entered the Parliament Office in 1897. Before his appointment as Clerk of the Parliaments, he acted as Clerk Assistant, and also as principal clerk of the Judicial Department of the House of Lords. Widely known as an etcher of professional standing, he was hon. secretary of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers from 1911 to 1921, having been elected a Fellow of the Society in 1914.

ARRIVING IN LONDON: MR. TRAN VAN HUU, PRIME MINISTER OF VIET-NAM, WITH HIS WIFE AND SON. Mr. Tran Van Huu, Prime Minister and Foreign Minister of Viet-Nam (French Indo-China), with his wife and ten-year-old son, arrived in London from Paris on September 24 for a three-day visit as guests of the British Government. During his visit, Mr. Tran Van Huu saw Mr. Attlee, toured a steel works at Corby, and visited H.M.S. *Victory* and the cruiser *Sheffield* at Portsmouth.



BRITISH RUNNERS WHO SET UP A NEW WORLD RELAY RECORD. G. W. Nankeville, A. Webster, F. Evans and H. J. Parlett (l. to r. in our group), gained Britain a world relay record at the White City on September 26 with a time of 7 mins. 30.6 secs. (which betters by 4 secs. the 4 x 880-yard time of California University), finishing four yards ahead of the Swedish team (time, 7 mins. 31.2 secs.). This was followed by a woman's triumph in the 4 x 220 yards, for Sylvia Chessman, Barbara Foster, Margaret Brian and Dorothy Hall finished in 1 min. 41.4 secs., two seconds better than the time set up a week before by Spartan Ladies A.C.

MISS MARJORIE VEARNCOMBE. The George Medal for Bravery has been awarded to Miss Marjorie Vearncombe, of Worlington, Devon, for going to the assistance of a neighbour, whose husband, in a fit of mental derangement, had attacked her. He was armed with a shot-gun and in the struggle it went off, wounding Miss Vearncombe.

MARRIAGE OF AIR CHIEF-MARSHAL LORD DOWDING AND MRS. M. WHITING. The marriage of Air Chief-Marshal Lord Dowding to Mrs. Muriel Whiting, of Southborough, near Tunbridge Wells, widow of Pilot Officer Maxwell Whiting, and daughter of the late Mr. John Albino, took place at Caxton Hall Register Office on Sept. 25. Lord Dowding, who joined the R.F.C. in 1914, served with distinction in the 1914-18 war, and then held many important posts in the R.A.F. He was Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief Fighter Command, 1936-40; Principal Air A.D.C. to the King, 1937-43; and on special duty in the U.S.A., 1940-41. He retired in 1942.



SISTER DOREEN PEARCE.

SISTER JANET CLEMINSIN.

SISTER RUTH BESWETHERICK.

SISTER KATHLEEN NORMAN.

SHARING THE NURSING OF THE KING AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: THE FOUR NURSES WHO ARE ATTENDING HIS MAJESTY.

Eight nurses, seven of them from Westminster Hospital, formed the nursing staff for the King's operation. The four that have been sharing the nursing at the King's bedside after the operation are shown above. The day duty is shared by Sister Doreen Pearce and Sister Kathleen Norman. On night duty are

Sister Ruth Beswetherick and Sister Janet Cleminsen. Sister Cleminsen is senior surgical ward sister at King Edward VII. Sanatorium, Midhurst. The four nurses who assisted at the operation were: Sister Vera Ream, Sister Sarah Minter, Staff Nurse Audrey Patterson and Staff Nurse Hilda Ross

LONDON PAST AND PRESENT; AND NEWS ITEMS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



TO BE PRESERVED AND OPENED TO THE PUBLIC: A SECTION OF LONDON'S MEDIAEVAL WALL; SHOWING THE BASTION. Under plans presented to the Court of Common Council for approval, a 100-yard-long section of the mediaeval London Wall alongside Noble Street, which was exposed by the bombing of the City, is to be preserved and opened to the public. Our photograph shows the bastion as seen from St. Giles, Cripplegate, with St. Paul's in the left background.



THE IMPROVEMENT OF TOWER HILL: A VIEW OF THE NEW TERRACE FOR THE USE OF THE PUBLIC.

It was arranged that the new terrace for the use of the public on Tower Hill which is being built on the site of demolished buildings should be officially handed over to the City Corporation on October 3. It is part of an ambitious project by the Tower Hill Improvement Trust to restore to the City its ancient pleasure.



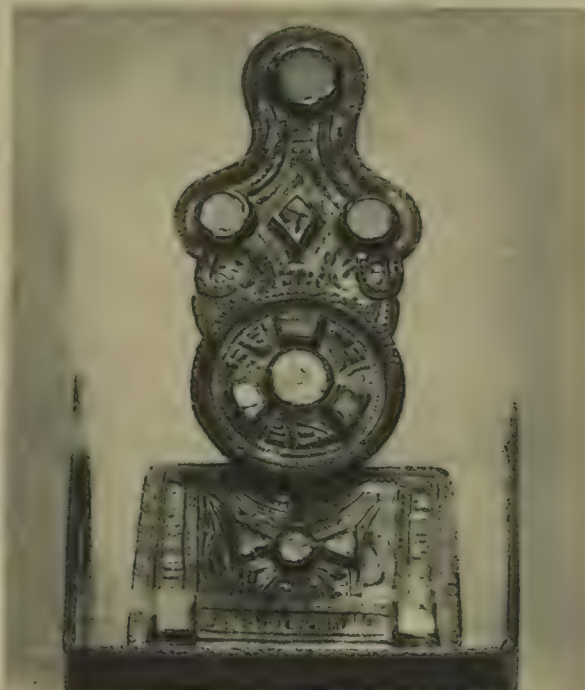
RECENTLY DEDICATED: A VIEW OF THE AL JOLSON MEMORIAL SHRINE AT HILLSIDE PARK, HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA, WITH JACK BENNY ADDRESSING THE CROWD.

A large crowd recently attended the dedication of the Al Jolson Memorial shrine at Hillside Park, Hollywood, California. The dome over the sarcophagus is supported by 35-ft.-high columns, and blue-green water runs down from the memorial through a series of pools.



THE AMUSING SIDE OF AN INTERNATIONAL CONTEST: COMPETITORS IN THE INTERNATIONAL HAIR ARTISTS' FESTIVAL AT THE ST. PANCRAS TOWN HALL.

The International Hair Artists' Festival was recently held at the St. Pancras Town Hall, London. The competitors, all famous hairdressers from every Western European country except Spain, were competing for what might be called the "Blue Riband of the Waves."



FOUND ON A SITE NEAR DOVER: AN ANGLO-SAXON JEWELLED SQUARE-HEADED BROOCH SET WITH SHELLS AND SQUARE-CUT GARNETS.

Relics of an Anglo-Saxon settlement were found by workmen recently when levelling the foundations of a Council house on the Buckland Valley Estate, near Dover. The relics included the skeleton of a woman, with gold trinkets at her neck and wrists, and a brooch of silver-gilt.



THE VILLA PROVIDED FOR GENERAL EISENHOWER BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT AT MARNES-LA-COQUETTE: A VIEW SHOWING MRS. EISENHOWER NEAR THE POOL.

General Eisenhower, Supreme Commander of the North Atlantic Pact forces, has been provided with a furnished villa at Marnes-la-Coquette, eight miles west of Paris, by the French Government, where he and



THE DINING-ROOM AT GENERAL EISENHOWER'S VILLA AT MARNES-LA-COQUETTE, NEAR PARIS: AN INTERIOR VIEW SHOWING (LEFT) A GOBELIN TAPESTRY.

Mrs. Eisenhower may make their home. The villa has been redecorated and furnished by the National Fine Arts Service with the intention of "harmoniously combining modern living with traditional decoration."

FROM ICELAND TO THE FAR EAST A MISCELLANY OF RECENT EVENTS.

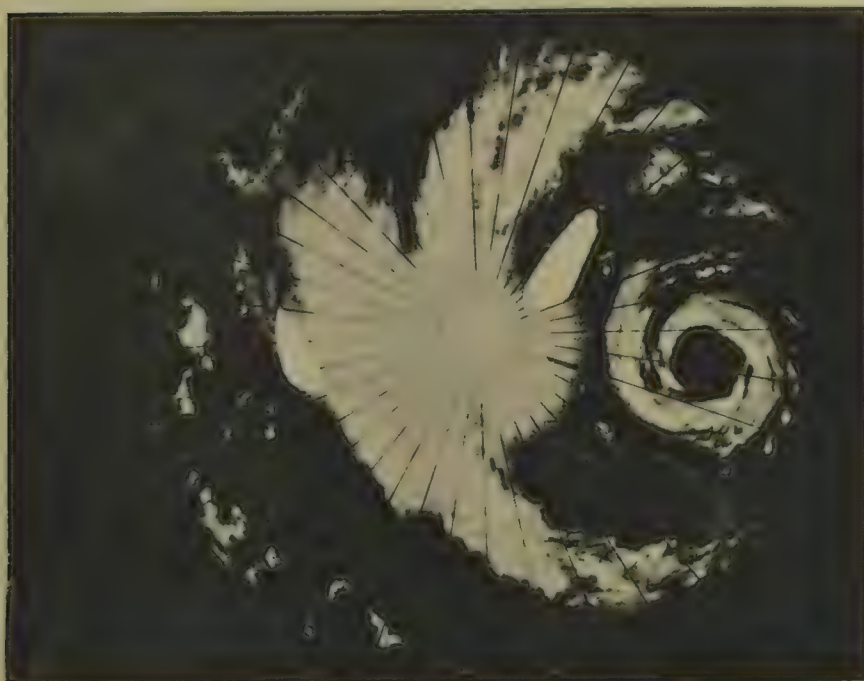


"ALL MY OWN WORK": AN ICELANDIC SCULPTOR'S STATUARY ARRANGED OUTSIDE THE HOME WHICH THE SCULPTOR DESIGNED AND BUILT FOR HIMSELF. This example of modernistic house design in Iceland is the work in entirety of Mr. A. Sveinsson, a sculptor. He built it, of reinforced concrete, in the course of four-and-a-half years, without help, even making his own concrete mixer.



LEAVING PLYMOUTH ON A WORLD TRIP IN SEARCH OF AN ISLAND FREE OF RED TAPE: THE 40-FT. YAWL SYBIL PASSING A BUOY, OUTWARD BOUND.

On September 24, the yawl *Sybil* left Plymouth on a world voyage. The first stop planned was to be Gibraltar, the route afterwards being the Canaries, the West Indies, and so to the Pacific. The plan of the owner, Mr. C. Burchard, is to seek an island of peace, away from all red tape.



A TYPHOON BY RADAR: THE SPIRAL TO THE RIGHT OF THE CENTRE IS THE TYPHOON "MARGE" SEEN ON THE RADAR SCREEN OF A U.S. AIR FORCE AIRCRAFT.

The U.S. Air Force uses special *Superfortress* aircraft to keep track of typhoons and the above photograph was taken of the radar screen of one of these which was plotting the course of the typhoon "Marge" in the Far East. With due warning, much damage and loss of life can be avoided.



TO BE PRESENTED TO THE NATIONAL TRUST: COMPTON CASTLE, DEVON, A FORTIFIED MANOR-HOUSE OF THE FOURTEENTH TO SIXTEENTH CENTURIES. In South Devon, not far from Torquay, stands Compton Castle, a fortified manor-house built by the Gilbert family over three periods, 1320, 1440 and 1520. It is being presented to the National Trust by Commander and Mrs. Walter Raleigh Gilbert.



ON ITS WAY TO APPEAR IN AN EXHIBITION IN COPENHAGEN: A 67-FT.-LONG WHALE BEING LOADED ON TO A SPECIAL RAILWAY WAGON AT BERGEN.

A 67-ft.-long whale, caught off the western coast of Norway, was recently sent by rail to Copenhagen, where it has been exhibited. This huge passenger was preserved by 14,000 lb. of formalin. Thousands of people waited patiently at small country stations to catch a glimpse of the whale.



A NEW BREED OF HORSES, CLAIMED TO REPRODUCE THE MAIN CHARACTERS OF THE NOW EXTINCT ASIATIC WILD HORSE, THE TARPAN—AT MUNICH.

Herr Heck, the Director of a Munich zoo, claims to have reproduced by careful cross-breeding the now extinct Tarpan, a small Central Asian wild horse, which became extinct in 1876. The colour, however, is different, his animals being mouse-grey instead of the Tarpan's dun.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



BRITISH AMPHIBIANS AND REPTILES.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IT is marked Cain's Folly on the map of the Dorset coast. The name seemed only too appropriate as, at the persuasion of my children, we descended what seemed from above an almost vertical cliff of soft sandstone to a grassy terrace some 50 ft. below. Actually, the gradient was not quite vertical, and the going was much easier than I had anticipated from a first glance over the cliff-edge. Repeated landslides have given rise to a series of terraces falling away to the shore 450 ft. below. Later, we found that the local name is Fairy Dell, much more appropriate for a place inaccessible to all but the more venturesome, and containing enough bracken- or heather-covered ridges, muddy gullies and clumps of bushes hiding shallow crevices to satisfy the spirit of exploration of any youngster. Every now and then one came across natural ornamental ponds surpassing anything seen in our gardens, and most of the many terraces had each its larger pond. It was in one of these that we found the newts.

There is nothing remarkable in finding newts in a pond—unless it is in Fairy Dell. This was the first pond we came upon on our first visit. It was some 30 ft. long by 15 ft. across, not more than a foot deep at any point, was situated some 80 to 100 ft. from the cliff-top, and was fed by a spring issuing from the cliff-face about 10 ft. up from the level of the pond. For the most part it was margined with reeds and rushes, its banks clothed with moss and an abundance of wild flowers. We saw a kingfisher over it as we came down the cliff, though we never saw the bird again. There was an abundance of dragonflies over and around it, with dragonfly larvae, whirligig beetles, water-boatmen and pond-skaters in or on the water. There were no fish of any kind, but there were more than a hundred newts, mainly the tadpoles, about an inch long, but there were also fully-grown individuals of our three native species, the warty, smooth and palmate newts. And there were immature warty newts up to 3½ ins. long, possibly more, still retaining their gills. It was easy enough to see how all these things reached their present positions, except the newts. The plants would be derived from airborne seeds, and all the insects could fly in. But how did the newts get there?

The next question we posed ourselves, after having made a survey of the plants and animals in and around the pond, was this: Was it possible from anything we saw to get any idea how long ago it was since this part of the cliff first crumbled down? The only hope seemed to rest in the newts. Here was a small pond containing examples of each of the only three species of newt native to this country, a sufficiently uncommon combination anywhere, but a singular combination in a pond situated on an undercliff terrace at least a mile from the nearest water likely to contain newts. Surely it should be possible to fix a minimum for the lapse of time by reference to the various stages in which the newts were found?

We soon realised that these questions were probably vain, but our discussions taught us one thing at least: that our pooled knowledge of the life-histories of newts was almost negligible. It was the old story: you think you know a subject well enough until your knowledge is put to a critical test. Then the questions came thick and fast. The inch-long tadpoles were understandably this year's brood, but why were they still in the water at the end of August? When do newts lay their eggs? How long before the tadpoles lose their gills and come out on land as lung-breathers? Why were adults of all three species still in the water in late August, when all self-respecting newts should have taken to a terrestrial life after the breeding-season? What were these large, gill-bearing warty newts, of which we counted more than a dozen on a subsequent visit? How long does a newt take to reach maturity?

And then as we looked around us came more questions. How did the newts get there? They could hardly have come in the water feeding the pond, for this, as we ascertained later, had filtered through several feet at least of fine sand before seeping through the cliff-face. Airborne newts can presumably be discounted, and the land route meant ascending to 400 ft. above sea-level and tumbling 100 ft. over

the cliff. Since newt eggs are separately wrapped by the female in the leaves of water-plants, we must discount transport in mud on birds' feet and all other

similar wild ideas. And why were there no newts in the pond that lay a few yards away to the west, or the larger pond 20 yards farther on, or in any of the several ponds at different levels of the half-mile or more of undercliff? We searched carefully enough and found none elsewhere. What had seemed at first sight a commonplace event now bristled with mystery and unsolved questions.

We may have lacked the precise knowledge ready to hand, as we stood in Fairy Dell, to give the answers to the questions we had raised, but what we did know was that it was going to be difficult to get all the answers, anyway. We knew that accessible literature on British species of amphibia was very limited, and we knew enough to know that no comprehensive book on them had been written for nearly a century. There the matter was compelled to rest until our return to London. Then, by one of those coincidences that add a sparkle to life, I found that Malcolm Smith's book* had just been published, and in this were to be found the answers to our questions. Before giving the answers, however, it is worth while saying something of the scope of the book.

That Dr. Malcolm Smith is a master of his subject is clear from the beginning. The opening chapter, on the history of the study of amphibia and reptiles, is concise and very readable, and, surprisingly, contains a quality of excitement which is continued into the next chapter, on the distribution and the origin of the British amphibia and reptiles. I say surprisingly, for one would not normally expect exciting reading under two such headings; but it is there. From then on, the author settles down to a full account of methods of identification of our newts, frogs, toads, lizards and snakes, and of their life-histories, habits and behaviour. No book is perfect, but here the lapses are very few, as in Fig. 5, where it is obvious that one of the two drawings of the smooth newt is not natural size, as stated. Another mistake qualifies for puzzle corner, though it is not a deliberate mistake. On page 168 there is a quaint sentence in which reference is made to Fig. 216, though there are but 88 figures in the whole book. These trifles apart, the text is patently authoritative, fully detailed and documented. It is obviously written by one who knows his subject fully, can embellish his text with a wealth of interesting as well as essential information and can all along draw upon personal experience. In other words, it is a very good book, likely to remain a standard work—for another century?

Perhaps the most fitting tribute to Malcolm Smith's work can be given by showing how it answered the questions posed by us in Fairy Dell. He points out that newts have been known to travel a mile across country; that they tend to go downwards in search of water (presumably ours did this, once they reached the edge of the cliff!); and that, once established in a pond they usually show little desire to leave the neighbourhood of it. The tables of figures he gives for sizes, and his data on the breeding seasons and rates of development enable one to account for the various sizes of newts found, except in one particular. The question still remains whether the large-gilled forms of the warty newt were merely abnormally large, or whether they were neotenic; that is, that they were individuals in which the larval state has been prolonged beyond the normal time. Certainly the pond in Fairy Dell will repay further study, and such study will be made the more easy, and its results the more certain, with the aid of this new book.

Although special emphasis has been laid on it here, the story of the newts is used merely to epitomise the value of Malcolm Smith's new book. Any one of our amphibia and reptiles would have done as well, for in it the knowledge of these animals is brought up to date, the unsolved questions are indicated, the methods of future research laid down, and any naturalist is now enabled to take up the study, confident of a firm foundation upon which to build. Further, it makes good armchair reading, and like all the volumes in the New Naturalist Series, is beautifully illustrated in colour and black-and-white.

* "The British Amphibians and Reptiles." By Malcolm Smith. (Collins: New Naturalist Series No. 20; 21s.)



TADPOLES OF (a) COMMON TOAD; (b) NATTERJACK; (c) COMMON FROG; (d) EDIBLE FROG; AND (e) WARTY NEWT: TOADS AND FROGS FREQUENTLY BREED IN THE SAME POND, THE TOADS CHOOSING THE DEEPER PARTS OF IT, THE FROGS THE SHALLOWS; AND THIS SEGREGATION OF THE SPECIES CONTINUES THROUGHOUT THEIR TADPOLE LIFE, ALTHOUGH THERE IS CONSIDERABLE MOVEMENT OF THE COLONIES FROM ONE PART OF THE POND TO ANOTHER, THEY SELDOM INTERMIX.

From the drawings by Dorothy Fitchew.



HEAD OF A NEOTENOUS NEWT: IN THIS SPECIMEN ABSORPTION OF THE GILLS HAS BEGUN AFTER FEEDING ON THYROID EXTRACT—A LARGE PROPORTION OF NEOTENOUS INDIVIDUALS ARE PARTIAL ALBINOS.

Neoteny is a term used to signify a prolongation of the larval state beyond the normal time. It may be partial, when it implies no more than a retardation of metamorphosis, or complete, when the animal retains its larval characters and mode of existence even to the breeding stage. Neoteny is one of the problems dealt with by Dr. Malcolm Smith in his new book discussed on this page. Partial neoteny is well known in the tadpoles of the Edible Frog, and it can be induced experimentally in those of the Common Frog and Toad. It is known also in the natural state in all the British species of newts, but is most common in the Smooth Newt.

Illustrations reproduced from "The British Amphibians and Reptiles," by courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Collins.

"ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING ADVENTURES
IN BRITAIN TO-DAY": HARLOW NEW TOWN.



(ABOVE.) THE BIRTH OF A NEW TOWN: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE HARLOW NEW TOWN SITE, SHOWING HOUSES IN VARIOUS STAGES OF COMPLETION.

ON September 24 Mr. G. S. Lindgren, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Local Government and Planning, acting for Dr. Dalton, the Minister, opened the industrial estate forming part of the new town of Harlow. He read a message from Dr. Dalton, who described the new town as "one of the most exciting adventures in Britain to-day." By turning a switch Mr. Lindgren set in motion electrically-driven machinery in the twelve factories so far completed and working, and planted a tree to commemorate his visit. Nearly 400 dwellings have been completed in the new town and some 2000 are under construction, while the Harlow Development Corporation has begun building a temporary health centre and has let a contract for the first public-house. The first twenty-five shops are expected to be ready early next year.

(RIGHT.) LISTED AS AN ANCIENT MONUMENT AND PROVIDING A DISTINCT CONTRAST TO BUILDINGS IN THE NEW TOWN: A VIEW OF "THE GABLES" IN HARLOW.



AMONG 400 DWELLINGS NOW OCCUPIED ON THE NEW ESTATE: A VIEW OF A RECENTLY COMPLETED TERRACE OF HOUSES IN HARLOW NEW TOWN.



SITUATED ON THE INDUSTRIAL ESTATE, FORMING PART OF THE NEW TOWN, WHICH WAS OPENED ON SEPTEMBER 24: ONE OF TWELVE FACTORIES NOW WORKING.



AN ARCHITECTURAL CONCEPT ALIEN TO THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE: HARLOW NEW TOWN'S "SKYSCRAPER"—A BLOCK OF FLATS, ALREADY OCCUPIED, ON THE SITE.

NEW FINDS IN THE "KARUM" OF KANESH:

THE THIRD YEAR'S EXCAVATIONS OF A GREAT ANATOLIAN TRADING CENTRE OF THE BEGINNING OF THE SECOND MILLENNIUM.

By Dr. TAHSIN ÖZGÜÇ, Assistant Professor at the University of Ankara and a member of the Turkish Historical Foundation.

Our readers will remember that we described and illustrated the previous seasons' excavations at Kültepe (Kanesh) in our issues of December 18, 1948, and January 14, 1950. The site of Kanesh lies in Central Anatolia, south-east of Ankara and not far from Kayseri, and for 100 years was a great Assyrian trading centre and colony.

THE Turkish excavations at Kültepe (old Kanesh) were continued last year on behalf of the Turkish Historical Foundation. The staff of excavators was the same as last year. This occasion was important, as excavations were not only started in the outer town—i.e., in the town of the Assyrian colonists—but also on the hill, in the native quarter. A large area in the outer town was dug and many well-preserved archives, private houses, shops, open squares, commercial houses and streets were discovered. Kanesh is a ruined city in which we could distinguish four (I.—IV.) main building levels, the last with two sub-levels (I.a—b). These architectural levels contain the finest and best-preserved archaeological

that in the second level there lies a town complete with its whole plan. During this period the Assyrian merchants forming part of the colonisation system of Assyria were a very strong and effective influence. In this town there are many big and small buildings side by side which open on to the streets. It is possible to see the traces of the chariots' wheels on the soft stones of the street to-day. The inner part of the buildings contain bedrooms, living-rooms, cellars, workshops, depôts, lavatories and kitchens, containing sometimes an oven, sometimes just a fire-pot. The important thing is that there every article has its especial place—for instance, clay tablets, envelopes, sealings and clay labels are placed in definite positions in the room. These written and sealed documents are preserved on wooden shelves, on the earth floor of the rooms and in the big pots. Most valuable objects—that is to say, the finest painted and unpainted ware, carved bone objects, precious stones, gold and silver objects and drinking-cups in animal forms—are placed in proper order in the rooms. This is the first city excavated in Anatolia in this style. This prosperous town was also destroyed by a violent fire and everything was left *in situ*. We unearthed some buildings of a type which were not known before, very progressive in point of technique and arrangement. They can be divided into three main groups: (1) a type of house with four rooms, which open into one side of

known only from impressions. It shows the highest degree of technical skill, and may be divided into two phases: one, more developed, already illustrates the descriptive art of Anatolia in all its varieties; the second one is more primitive and connected with the Early Bronze Age civilisation, thus bearing more resemblance to the Alacahöyük finds than to the so-called Hittites. All the stamp-seals are in Hittite characters. Seal impressions in Old Babylonian and Syrian style, and modified seals of the Third Dynasty of Ur and modified or un-modified Isin-Larsa examples are less common than the first two groups. More inscribed Assyrian documents were discovered than in the previous two seasons. They are larger and well-baked clay inscriptions. During the last season have been unearthed the largest cuneiform, texts and many labels, of types which were previously unknown for this period. The vases, which are really beautiful, were created in this period. Some of them resembled Third Millennium shapes, others are confined to the period of the Assyrian colonists in Anatolia, and cannot be seen in other Hittite centres. In spite of local peculiarities, these vases show the same technique and style as those of the following Hittite period, and form a single type with the so-called Hittite pottery. The culture developed at the time of the Assyrian merchants in Inner Anatolia continued without any great change until the end of the Hittite Empire. The majority of wheel-made painted pots and especially painted *rhyta* (cups in animal form) are discovered only in Level II., and especially are found beside the written records. For this reason they can be dated very easily. Level IV. is characterised by hand-made, decorated

LEVELS.	ARCHITECTURE.	GRAVES.	POTTERY.	CUNEIFORM TEXTS AND SEAL IMPRESSIONS.	END.	DATE (AFTER SHORT CHRONOLOGY).
I.a	Prototypes of the New Hittite buildings.	Earth and pot burials.	Wheel-made, coarser, plain ware.	No tablets.	Not burnt.	1700 B.C. Part of this level is contemporary with Hammurabi.
I.b	Well-preserved buildings with stela, private storehouses.	Earth, pot and cist burials.	Unpainted pottery and <i>rhyta</i> ; some painted pottery. Relations with North Syria and Assyria.	Tablets in bad condition and only in north part of Karum. Stamp seals in Hittite characters; cylinder impressions.	Destroyed by fire.	Ends between 1778 and 1808 B.C. in the time of the Assyrian King Puzur-Assur.
II.	All kinds of buildings (archives, private houses, business houses and storehouses).	Cist, pot and earth burials and rich mortuary gifts (partly cremation).	Wheel-made, plain and painted pottery; painted <i>rhyta</i> . Relations with North Syria.	Plenty of written records; cylinder and stamp seals and impressions of them and modified seal impressions of Ibisin's secretary or servant. Irishum tablets.	Destroyed by violent fire. Everything left <i>in situ</i> ; an overwhelming catastrophe.	Some new <i>limus</i> (Hitherto unrecorded names of "Consuls"—an office held annually.)
III.		Pots and earth burials.	Plain and some painted pottery. Some hand-made Alishar III. ware. Unpainted <i>rhyta</i> .	Written records only in the north part of the Karum. Modified seal impression of Ibisin.	Destroyed by fire.	Some new <i>limus</i> . Begins between 1878-1908.
IV.	Poorer buildings than those found in the upper levels.	No graves found as yet.	Wheel-made so-called Hittite pottery, and hand-made Alishar III. ware.	No tablets.	Not burnt.	Part of this level is contemporary with Third Dynasty of Ur, 2000 B.C.

A TABLE SHOWING THE CHIEF FEATURES OF THE KARUM OF KANESH.

In this table we show the four levels excavated at Kanesh which cover a period of 300 years, and the characteristics of each level. It will be noticed that no tablets have been found in the highest and lowest levels, though these escaped destruction by fire. The quantity of material found and the quality of the buildings illustrate

the prosperity and activity of a city which, for a hundred years, was a great Assyrian colony and trading centre. Photographs of the new finds appear on the facing page and pages 546-547. The richest town was that of Level II. and the new excavations show that here lies a town complete with its whole plan.

and philological material. The level IV. is the oldest and is founded on virgin soil. The latest one, which has two phases, is 10-20 cm. (approximately 4 to 8 ins.) under the surface of the cornfields. Work was carried out on two levels, and it was noticed that the ground plans of the ancient houses differed from each other. The higher-level houses (I.a) show a considerably stronger construction than the others. They are prototypes of the strongest Hittite buildings. The houses and shops on the level I.b frequently contain between four to six rooms and a courtyard. Along the inner walls of these shops we found large jars still containing wheat and corn. This level shows signs of severe fires. Neither the ground plans nor the direction of the buildings changed in the two periods. This year some tablets have been found in the level I.b especially on the floor of the houses. These make it certain that I.b, II. and III. represent the period of Assyrian colonisation in Inner Anatolia. During our three previous seasons we found no tablets in the level I.a. Hence we could say that there was a continuous occupation of the centre part of the city after the foreign colonists had been pushed out. The I.a people built their houses on the ruins of the I.b buildings and even re-used the old walls of the burnt buildings. Thus there is no outstanding interval of time between these two sub-levels. In my opinion the date of level I.a would be at the latest at the beginning of the seventeenth century B.C. or at the end of the eighteenth century B.C. From the point of view of archaeological and philological discoveries the richest town is the second one. We have gained a good deal of knowledge about life in this level. From our new excavations we learn

a passage. In this building alone and in one room were discovered 1500 written records; and the various categories of pottery and metal objects are too numerous to mention in detail; (2) a type of house with many rooms, which has a huge central courtyard, the rooms built around it; (3) a type of house with an open court leading into two or three rooms. All these buildings are of two floors and their staircase and windows in the walls are preserved. The inner part of the rooms was plastered; and in many places the plaster had been marked by flames. The buildings of the Karum of Kanesh show a purely Anatolian, native system of construction, and continue the indigenous traditions of the Peninsula. The civilisation which is seen in Kanesh is developed from the old Anatolian early Bronze Age civilisation and the people who created this culture are the native, Anatolian people. We would emphasize that in the civilisation of Kanesh we could distinguish a duality: (a) all kinds of archaeological material (buildings, pottery, metal, bone and stone objects, burial customs) representing an Anatolian civilisation; (b) language, writing system and most of the cylinder-seal impressions, which are of Assyrian and Old Babylonian origin. This duality was characteristic of the Karum of Kanesh during the period of the Assyrian merchants. The number of the cylinder and stamp seal impressions on the envelopes and labels are about 800, most of them are of Assyrian and indigenous-Anatolian styles. The original cylinder-seals are in Assyrian style; that is to say, the Assyrian merchants brought them with them and left them in Kanesh. Only one actual cylinder-seal bearing designs in an indigenous style has survived. The native style is otherwise

Alishar III. ware. In the last weeks of the season we also discovered in the middle of the town, and especially in the graves of Level I.b, the first painted imitations of Assyrian decorated pottery. In addition, there are vases showing relations between North Syria and Anatolia. The excavations at the Karum of Kanesh in 1950, combined with the first and second seasons' work, left no doubt that the old phase of Level IV. is contemporary with the Third Dynasty of Ur in South Mesopotamia. As we know, there are no tablets in the first level. Judging by the small finds, the beginning of the fourth level is not much later than 2000 B.C. Levels I.b, II. and III., which contain cuneiform tablets, lasted for about 100 years. The period of the Assyrian colonists in Anatolia ends in the time of the Assyrian king Puzur-Assur, son of Sharrumkin I.; or, to put it in another way, our level I.b was burnt and destroyed during Puzur-Assur's reign. It cannot be far wrong to say that the colony ended at least fifty, or perhaps eighty, years before the accession of Hammurabi I., thus dating this entire town, including Level I.a, between 2000-1700 B.C. Of this lifetime of 300 years, the period of the Assyrian colony dated by the documents which it contained, occupied only one century. These dates, which are now made clear for the first time, must not be confused. The Assyrian trade centre of Kanesh is very important from the historical and archaeological point of view; Anatolian history begins with the cuneiform tablets of the Karum of Kanesh, and the first vivid interrelations between Mesopotamia and Anatolia are represented by the new discoveries at Kanesh.

[Continued on opposite page.]

AN ANATOLIAN KITCHEN OF FOUR THOUSAND YEARS AGO, AND OTHER FINDS IN A TOWN DESTROYED BY FIRE.



THE ONLY WELL-PRESERVED OVEN OF THIS DATE IN ANATOLIA: A MUD-BRICK OVEN OF BEEHIVE SHAPE FOUND IN LEVEL II. (SEE TABLE ON PAGE 544.)



WHERE 1500 TABLETS AND OTHER OBJECTS WERE FOUND: A HOUSE WITH FOUR ROOMS OPENING INTO ONE SIDE OF A PASSAGE. (LEVEL II.)



HAVING A CENTRAL HALL AND STAIRCASE: A HOUSE OF SEVERAL ROOMS IN LEVEL II. THE MOST IMPORTANT TABLETS AND RHYTA WERE FOUND IN THE CENTRAL HALL OF THIS BUILDING.



THE TRAFFIC OF 4000 YEARS AGO: GROOVES WORN IN THE STONES OF THE STREETS BY CHARIOT-WHEELS WHEN KANESH WAS A THRIVING TRADING CENTRE. (LEVEL II.)



LEFT IN SITU WHEN THE TOWN WAS DESTROYED BY FIRE: A KITCHEN WITH ITS FIREPLACE, FIRE-POT AND POTTERY. (LEVEL II.)



FOUND IN THE HOUSE ILLUSTRATED AT TOP-RIGHT: A HOARD OF CUNEIFORM TABLETS IN SITU AT LEVEL II. WHICH YIELDED A MASS OF WRITTEN RECORDS.

Continued from facing page.] Turning now to the excavations on the hill. We dug down to a level corresponding to 1200 B.C.—that is, the end of the New Hittite Empire. The highest level is Hellenistic-Roman period. After the destruction of the last Post-Hittite settlement on the Kültepe mound, the site was of no more importance. But the architectural remains, especially the fortified town of

the second-first century B.C., and small objects have a certain interest, because so far we have for these later periods but little knowledge of the culture of the small inland towns. As we know, in this period the most important town in this district was Mazaca (to-day Kayseri), with its big and rich tumuli and old town, the capital of the independent Kingdom of

(Continued overleaf.)

POTTERY IN THE GOLDEN AGE OF KANESH: NEW FINDS.

ANATOLIAN CUPS, PITCHERS AND GOBLETS OF 1800 B.C.



A PITCHER WITH TUBULAR SPOUT: LIGHTLY FIRED, WET-SMOOTHED, AND WITH TWO V-SHAPED HANDLES, FROM LEVEL II.



PURPLISH-BROWN SLIP AND HIGHLY BURNISHED: A PITCHER REPRESENTING A BUNCH OF GRAPES. (FROM LEVEL II.)



A PITCHER WITH BEAK-SPOUT AND BROWN SLIP OVER EXTERIOR AND EXTENDING INSIDE THE SPOUT. (FROM LEVEL II.)



A PITCHER WITH A BEAK SPOUT AND RING BASE, WITH RED SLIP OVER ALL, CAREFULLY BURNISHED TO A SHEEN. (LEVEL II.)



A PITCHER WITH A BEAK SPOUT AND RED SLIP OVER EXTERIOR AND GEOMETRIC DESIGNS BETWEEN THE HANDLES. (LEVEL II.)



A PITCHER WITH A BEAK SPOUT, RING BASE AND RED SLIP OVER ALL: ONE OF THE MANY ITEMS OF POTTERY FOUND IN LEVEL II.



A GOBLET WITH A CLOVER-LEAF ORIFICE WITH A STRAINER SET WITHIN ONE LOBE AND RING BASE: CREAM-COLOURED SLIP AND HIGHLY POLISHED. SEEN FROM ABOVE AND FROM THE SIDE. (FROM LEVEL II.)



ONE OF THE CURIOSITIES OF LEVEL II.: A PAIRED PITCHER WITH TWIN TUBULAR SPOUTS IN YELLOWISH RED SLIP, CAREFULLY POLISHED.



DATING FROM THE PERIOD OF THE ASSYRIAN COLONISTS: A DRINKING-CUP IN THE SHAPE OF A BULL OF REDDISH-CREAM SLIP WITH A DESIGN IN REDDISH-BROWN.



VERY WELL MADE WARE OF CREAM SLIP WITH GEOMETRIC DESIGN IN DARK BROWN: A RHYTON, OR DRINKING-CUP, IN THE SHAPE OF A LION.

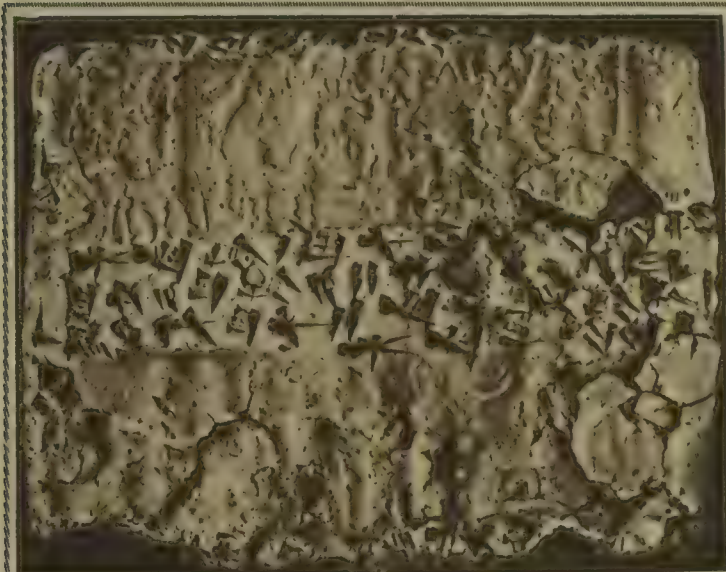
Continued from page 545.

Cappadocia. The second period lasted from the end of the Hittite Empire until the beginning of the fourth century B.C. It contains two well-defined occupation levels. Remains of this period as a whole were unearthed above the deposits of the Hittite settlement. The older level must have begun

shortly after the destruction of the New Hittite Empire in Kültepe. It dates, according to the small finds, from about eleventh to eighth centuries B.C. The most important late Hittite relief in Kayseri Museum and the other fragments of the stelæ with Hittite hieroglyphic inscription must have belonged to this

(Continued opposite, top centre.)

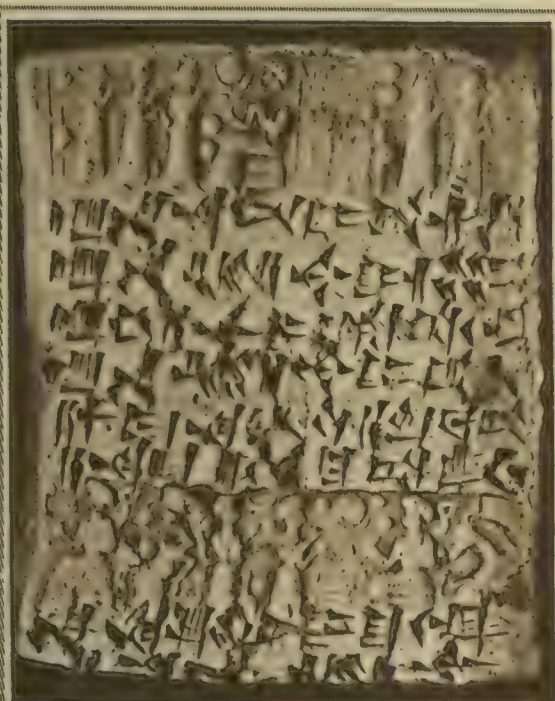
CLAY ENVELOPES AND DOMESTIC WARE FROM THE HOMES OF ASSYRIAN COLONISTS OF 1800 B.C. IN ANATOLIA.



(LEFT.) SEAL IMPRESSIONS IN NATIVE STYLE ON A CLAY ENVELOPE SHOWING (ABOVE) OLD ANATOLIAN GODS STANDING ON ANIMALS; AND (BELOW) AN IMPRESSION IN ASSYRIAN STYLE.

Continued from facing page.]
level. According to our view, in this time Kanesh was one of the cities of the Kingdom of Tabal. Our older level, or its last sub-level, may have been destroyed by Assyrians. In the last level, dated about seventh-fourth centuries B.C., the majority of the pottery is unpainted, and continues old Anatolian Hittite pottery traditions.
[Continued below.]

(RIGHT.) ONE OF THE MANY SEAL IMPRESSIONS FOUND ON CLAY ENVELOPES IN LEVEL II.—THE "GOLDEN AGE" OF KANESH—AND OF GREAT ASSISTANCE IN DATING THE MATERIAL FOUND.



KNOWN ONLY FROM THIS EXAMPLE FOUND AT KANESH: A CLAY BOX DECORATED IN CREAM-COLOURED SLIP AND POSSIBLY USED TO STORE TABLETS. THE OPENING IS IN THE FORM OF A LION'S HEAD.



WITH A GEOMETRIC DESIGN IN BROWN ON THE UPPER HALF OF THE BODY: A FOUR-HANDLED VESSEL FROM LEVEL II.

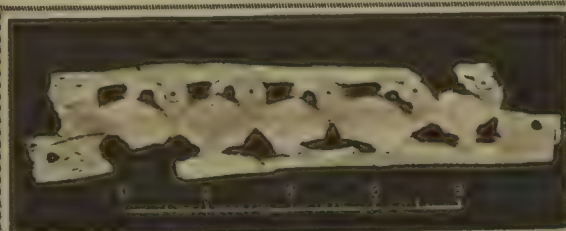


A FOUR-HANDLED VASE WITH RING BASE AND CYLINDRICAL NECK IN RED SLIP AND CAREFULLY POLISHED: FOUND AT LEVEL I.B.

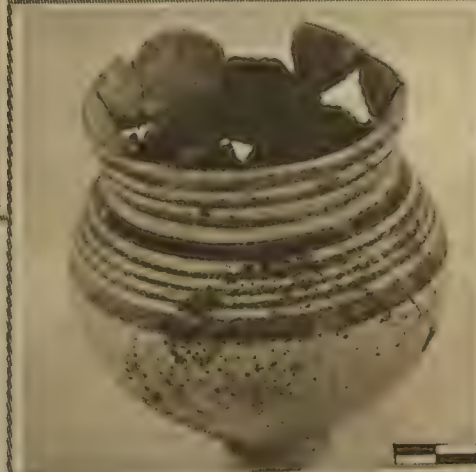


USED FOR SPINNING WOOL: A UNIQUE SPOOL IN BRONZE, WITH SIDE PIECES REPRESENTING HANDS; AND (LEFT) AN AXE-HEAD IN BRONZE.

DECORATED IN BROWN SLIP WITH SHALLOW GROOVES OVER THE BODY IN IMITATION OF METAL WORK: (ABOVE AND RIGHT) A TWO-HANDLED VESSEL WITH ANIMAL-HEAD HANDLES.



CARVED TO REPRESENT FIVE EAGLES LOOKING BACKWARDS: A KNIFE-HANDLE IN BONE FROM LEVEL II, WHEN KANESH WAS A THRIVING ASSYRIAN TRADING COMMUNITY.



FOUND AT LEVEL I.B AS A MORTUARY GIFT: A RED-PAINTED VASE WITH RING BASE—AN ASSYRIAN VESSEL COPIED FROM KANESH WARE.

Continued.]

I cannot call this pottery Phrygian. Decorated pottery is used much less than the undecorated ware. The old phase of the decorated pottery is found only in the first level. The later phase of this pottery, which shows some Eastern Greek influence, is found in the second level. The buildings of the

second period (Level II.) are very simple, and they have only one or two rooms each. This period is decadent, the previous periods having been rich from the architectural point of view. This decadence is not confined to Kanesh, but is spread over Inner Anatolia in this period.



A DANCE OF THE ARGENTINE IN 1840: JOAQUIN PEREZ-FERNANDEZ (CENTRE, RIGHT), WITH MEMBERS OF HIS COMPANY OF DANCERS, SINGERS AND ACTORS.



INDIANS AT THE SATURDAY FAIR, CUZCO, PERU: FERNANDEZ, WITH INCA RUINS BEHIND HIM, AS THE INDIAN MAYOR, HOLDING HIS SILVER STAFF OF OFFICE.



THE DANCE OF THE LITTLE OLD MEN, FROM A MEXICAN FISHING VILLAGE: IN THE PAST IT WAS ACTUALLY DANCED BY THE VERY OLD DURING LENT.



WITCHERY OF PANAMA: THE RITUAL FIRE DANCE, IN WHICH SUPERB DRESSES ARE WORN. THE MUSIC IS PLAYED ON AUTHENTIC INSTRUMENTS.

LEGENDS, DANCES, SONGS AND COSTUMES OF LATIN AMERICA GATHERED INTO ONE SPLENDID SHOW. Señor Joaquín Pérez-Fernández has arranged to bring his *Danzas Latino America*, a company of dancers, singers and actors who have just concluded

a successful season in Paris, to the Adelphi Theatre for some three weeks from October 17. The type of entertainment they present, though popular,

SHOW: JOAQUÍN FERNÁNDEZ'S *DANZAS LATINO AMERICA*, DUE AT THE ADELPHI ON OCTOBER 17.

in South America, will be new to London. It consists of songs, and dances which blend together moods, expressions and legends of Latin America.

many of them based on old Indian ritual. Señor Fernández has collected authentic costumes, and musical instruments for his productions.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

"ESCAPIST" fiction naturally varies in theme according to the world-outlook. In happier days people were merely wrecked on desert islands, where they enjoyed a super-boy-scout holiday from the complexities of real life. These tales have never lost their charm, but in the present situation they afford no refuge. Such is our plight that no uncharted island is immune, no spot of earth is really out of this world. The sole escape from the atomic age is to commit suicide. Let us suppose the worst; let's take the plunge; "better a finger off than aye wagging."

In "Earth Abides" we had a grand American example of the suicide-plunge. Now, in "The Day of the Trifids," by John Wyndham (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.), England takes up the theme on a more modest scale, and makes a wonderfully brilliant start. The hero's first whiff of disaster on the fatal morning is that it sounds like Sunday. And yet it can't be Sunday; it is the day after the "shooting-stars," and that was Tuesday. The sky was full of them—bright green, officially described as "comet debris," and a sight of sights for everyone who could crawl. The wireless talked of nothing else, and Bill, who is in hospital with bandaged eyes, felt very surly indeed. So it is Wednesday. Then there is something wrong; and when a clock strikes eight, the wrongness deepens. Nobody has come to wash him. . . .

And nobody is going to. Civilisation's "tightrope walk" is at an end; the whole world has been struck with blindness. Of course, it was the firework display. Only the few who didn't see it have retained their sight—and among healthy adults they are very few. The blind are doomed; some might be kept alive for a short time, but finally their chance is nil, and an attempt to save them would be ruinous as well as futile. They must be dropped, and those who have a chance must leave the towns and get together in a small way. Then they can build a future for the human race.

But here the trifids intervene. These are queer plants, evolved in Russia and widely cultivated for their oil. They are carnivorous, and they can walk about. In some strange way, they are intelligent. Perhaps they even converse. They are about eight feet high, and have a deadly, whip-like sting; but in the old days they were safely penned, and everyone had got used to them. Now, in the very moment of disaster, they have broken out. They range the country, massacre the blind, and then converge upon the little colonies of sighted like besieging armies.

This grim idea may not seem plausible in outline, but it does in the story. The fantastic element is first-rate. But I must own the human interest is inferior, and the escape, like nearly all its kind, issues in anti-climax. Crusoe's return was always dreary in the old model; when return is ruled out, one needs must hanker for the bad existing world after all.

If this perverse attachment could be cured, "The Wind and the Flame," by Manes Sperber (Wingate; 15s.), would be just the book to cure it. Here is the world we are escaping from, the root of our despairing fancies, the ideal remedy for love of things as they are.

Perhaps, on logical and other grounds, it should have come first. It is a big book, massive and aspiring, and acclaimed in Europe and America, we learn, as of supreme importance. In content it resembles "Darkness at Noon," much magnified and stretched over a wide area. It is a novel by a deviationist, of deviationists, and—to tell the truth—in my opinion, for deviationists.

It shows a group of men, true Communists, good soldiers of the Revolution, at their secret task in Prague and Paris, Oslo and Berlin, Russia, Austria and Yugoslavia, from about 1930 to the eve of war. It shows them first awakening, and then consenting, to the "great swindle"; endorsing double-think, suppressing truth, justifying treachery and imbecility, because they are the Party line. Then they lose faith in the salvation, and the best are martyred by their own comrades. No doubt the record is important; but I find it largely unreadable. It has some fine material, some brilliant scenes; embedded in the mass, it has the outlines of a real drama. But it has only one appealing moment all through. One of the "good" has been betrayed to torture—really by the Party, but his girl believes it was her fault. She is a working girl, pregnant, sick, overborne with squalor. She commits suicide. That scene, untouched by theory, is the relief; it brings one right back to the charm of living.

"Aphrodite Means Death," by John Appleby (Werner Laurie; 10s. 6d.), offers a limited escape, to the Aegean Isles and on an individual basis. Jane is on holiday from Athens when she comes across Robert Scrivener. He is being potted at by a presumptive bandit, and he seems not to mind, or to know why; in fact, he seems a trifle wanting. To bear this out, he has a keeper, or perhaps a bodyguard. Saxton is patently in charge, and clearly thinks she may be one of "them." But who are "they," what do they want, and why is Robert not fit to cope with them?

Strangely enough, the bodyguard has no idea and even Robert is two-thirds in the dark. But if they only knew, it is a thoroughly romantic secret. It concerns the lost arms of Venus, and the German occupation, and Aid to Greece; and it winds up on the Acropolis by night. This is indeed a thrilling scene. And though I like my stories to begin at the beginning and go straight on, this has such ingenuity and colour that I quite forgave its contortions.

"Night Man," by Allan Ullman and Lucille Fletcher (Gollancz; 9s. 6d.), is a "novelisation" from the "screen play," and an attempt to cap the brilliant ghastliness of "Sorry, Wrong Number." Stella, who lives in an apartment house in New York, has had the Furies on her track before the advent of the new liftman. He can't be Tom—for Tom is safe in gaol. Yet he has Tom's eyes. . . . And then the flashback to her girlhood: the hotel which has seen better days, the cheap Virginian resort, the hated and alluring mother, and the new clerk. . . . Tom swore that he would get her in the end. So we return to now, to the hysteria of guilt, and the avenger—possibly a chance avenger—who has Tom's eyes. The single purpose is to work one up to a scream. But this time the design is faulty, and the tension does not reach snapping-point.

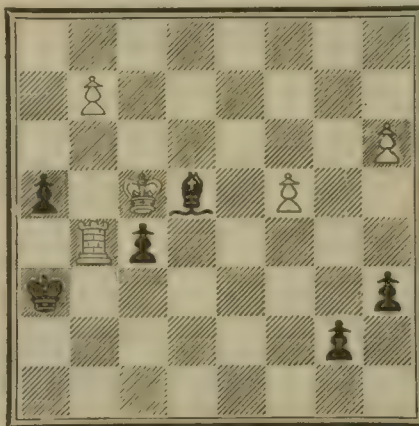
CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

PEOPLE are often astonished at the time and attention masters devote to simple-looking endings, but the breadth of analysis in the opening is often compensated by greater depth in the ending.

Here is a position reached on adjournment in a game at the recent Paignton Congress: it will take us two articles to outline even sketchily the interesting

WHITE.



BLACK.

possibilities of play this comparatively simple situation holds.

White could at once play, 1. R×P. If Black were so misguided as to accept the proffered return of material by 1. . . B×R; 2. K×B, K-R4; he would be quite lost positionally. White would exhaust his moves on the queen's side by 3. P-B5, P-R4; 4. P-R4. Black would now have either to abandon his king's rook's pawn by 4. . . K-R3; 5. K-Kt4 or, a little more cleverly though just as hopelessly, save it by 4. . . P-R6; 5. P×P, K-R5 at the expense of allowing White's king to scurry across the board, capture his queen's knight's pawn, and queen the bishop's pawn.

All of which had been well perceived by both players, I am sure, and the resource Black had in mind against the eventuality of 1. R×P was 1. . . B×P! followed by . . . P-R6, after which Black's three pawns and bishop mutually support each other, the king's rook's pawn eternally threatening to advance the two remaining squares to queen.

So powerful would be Black's position that . . . B×P, followed by . . . P-R6 can almost be regarded as a threat, chaining White's rook to the king's knight's file. White has, in fact, been at pains to make as many squares on this file uninhabitable for the rook as possible, and also to ensure that White's king can't take over the protection of the knight's pawn. The White king is needed to protect the rook and, if the rook goes to Kt8 in an attempt to relieve it of this obligation, Black, by . . . K-R2, drives it back (unless White abandons his knight's pawn) to Kt5.

If White can't profitably move his king or rook, can he do more by pawn moves? On the queen's side he can advance three squares in all if Black allows. Suppose he tries 1. P-B5. Black's position, too, is inelastic, we now find. He can't move his bishop without either relinquishing the attack on White's knight's pawn or leaving his own bishop's pawn undefended. If he moves his king, he at once releases White's king. Consequently, he must try 1. . . P-R4. White, by 2. P-R4 could then seal up the queen's side, but has now provided a useful target, so that Black could retreat 2. . . B-B3, answering 3. K×P by . . . B×RP. The bishop would return to Qb3 and the QRP advance.

We have not yet dealt with the spectacular play which can arise from 1. P-KKt4.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE POST-WAR WORLD ON PAPER.

WHEN I was very young, geography (which was, of course, "about maps," whereas biography was "about chaps") was a simple matter. The map of Europe, for instance, portrayed in simple colours, was a pleasant affair. There was a fine splash of red for Great Britain. The German Empire was a vaguely menacing brown. There was the benevolent sprawl of Austria-Hungary. There was Servia of ill omen. There was "Turkey in Europe," connecting with the rest of the Ottoman Empire. There were Bosnia and Herzegovina. There was Montenegro, whose King (or was he called "Mpret"?) combined business with royalty, investing foreigners (for a fee) with his highly-coloured orders in the half of his palace devoted to such purposes, and making out the hotel bills for the same foreigners in the other half. There was even the Sanjak of Novi-Bazar.

(No small thing went out of my life when I discovered that the Sanjak was an enclave and not a person: "His Royal Highness—the Sanjak" played the same colourful part in my youthful imaginings as the Akhund of Swat and the Alaki of Abecuta still do to-day.) The map-makers—as I remember them—were simple, uncomplicated souls. Mercator's Projection was the extent of their cartographic sophistication. For me, therefore, the world, if not wholly flat, was on the flat side. The United States were on the "left," Russia on the "right" of this country. Such exciting things as "modified zenithal equidistant projection" would have meant little to me then (I wish I could really pretend that it means anything now). I take this phrase from the magnificent "Oxford Atlas"—the first to be produced by the Oxford University Press since 1701, and now published at the extremely modest price (for so handsome and valuable a compilation) of 30s. I gather that the atlas, which has been under the joint editorship of Sir Clinton Lewis and Colonel Campbell, has been in process of assembly since 1946. The team of cartographers—advised by Professor Kenneth Mason of the School of Geography at Oxford, has done a fine job of work in producing this, the first completely fresh British approach to world cartography for many years—each map being drawn afresh on a virgin piece of paper. The Gazetteer-index is a vast affair of some 50,000 names. It is very easy to follow. I tried it out on Tacna-Arica (one of the Sanjaks of Novi-Bazar of my maturity). I found it—with the help of the gazetteer, almost at once. I am rather sorry I did. El Dorado should not reveal itself as doubtless a squalid little town on the coast of Peru. The most modern methods of cartography—developed during the war—and the most modern methods of map-printing have been used. The result is a fascinating and beautifully produced book. But I find it disturbing to realise that I still remain a flat-earther at heart.

Another beautifully produced book is "Romanesque Frescoes," by Edgar Waterman Anthony (Princeton University Press; 162s.). The period covered in this most interesting history of mural painting is roughly that from the year A.D. 800 to 1200. The late Mr. Edgar Anthony has covered this ground as interestingly as he has thoroughly. Mural painting was partly decorative, but mostly didactic. That is to say, on the large wall and ceiling spaces of the Christian churches which were built between the end of the Dark Ages and the beginning of Gothic, the anonymous artists sought to provide information for the unlettered faithful. Of course, once Gothic, with its upward-soaring motif and its lack of wall space, came into its own, the fresco became outdated. Mr. Anthony traces the development of the two main styles, the Hellenistic and the Oriental—the latter, with its human figures, hieratic and frontal, "a symbol rather than a human entity." He deals with each country in turn, with the Romanesque frescoes of Italy, Germany, France, Belgium, Switzerland, Spain, England, and Scandinavia. Naturally, those countries which were not subjected to the artistic ravages of the Reformation have a greater wealth of mural painting. What is remarkable is the way these ancient frescoes, none of them later than the thirteenth century, have been preserved, and Mr. Anthony's chapter on the technique of the *buon fresco* and the *fresco secco* are as interesting as anything in the book. When these paintings were new they must have been extraordinarily vivid, bright and almost garish, but then, as the author points out, the vividness of the colours used was designed to offset the darkness of the early mediæval churches. All mediævalists will be grateful for this notable contribution to the knowledge of their period. The illustrations, though not, unfortunately, in colour, are copious, and make me regret once more that I am such an inadequate hagiologist.

The late J. H. Amshe-witz was an artist of considerable technical skill whose mural and decorative panels are a feature of the Royal Exchange and South Africa House. The range of his technical skill covered everything from portraiture to humorous sketches in dry-point. He loved colour, and used it with almost Oriental vividness. This book by his wife, "The Paintings of J. H. Amshe-witz, R.B.A." (Batsford; £2 12s. 6d.), is a charming memoir of a considerable painter and an engaging personality.

I am normally not a lover of pocket editions, but I must commend the "Observer's Book of British Architecture," by John Penoyre and Michael Ryan (Warne; 5s.). For any student of architecture making a tour of our cathedrals, churches and famous buildings, this little book would be quite invaluable. It is profusely illustrated and contains a most ingenious visual index. The authors have admirably steered a middle course between the chatty and the weighty. I can imagine no better introduction to architecture for any schoolboy or schoolgirl, and the book may well solve the problem of that next subsidiary birthday present.

I have kept "The Universal Singular," by Pierre Emmanuel (Grey Walls Press; 13s. 6d.), by me too long. Instead of reviewing it, I have been reading and re-reading this remarkable autobiography of the well-known poet for my edification and pleasure—a striking lapse in a reviewer. I can do no more now than recommend it as a deeply moving account of the spiritual experience and philosophical development of this remarkable man—a drama played against the background of Occupied France.

E. D. O'BRIEN.



A GOOD SECRETARY DESERVES A REALLY GOOD TYPEWRITER

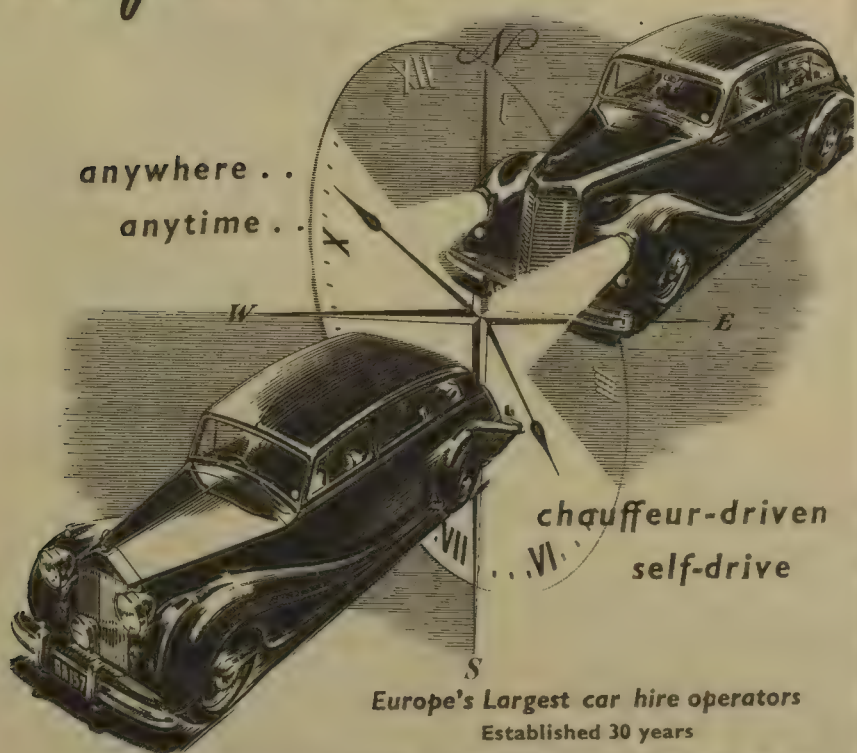
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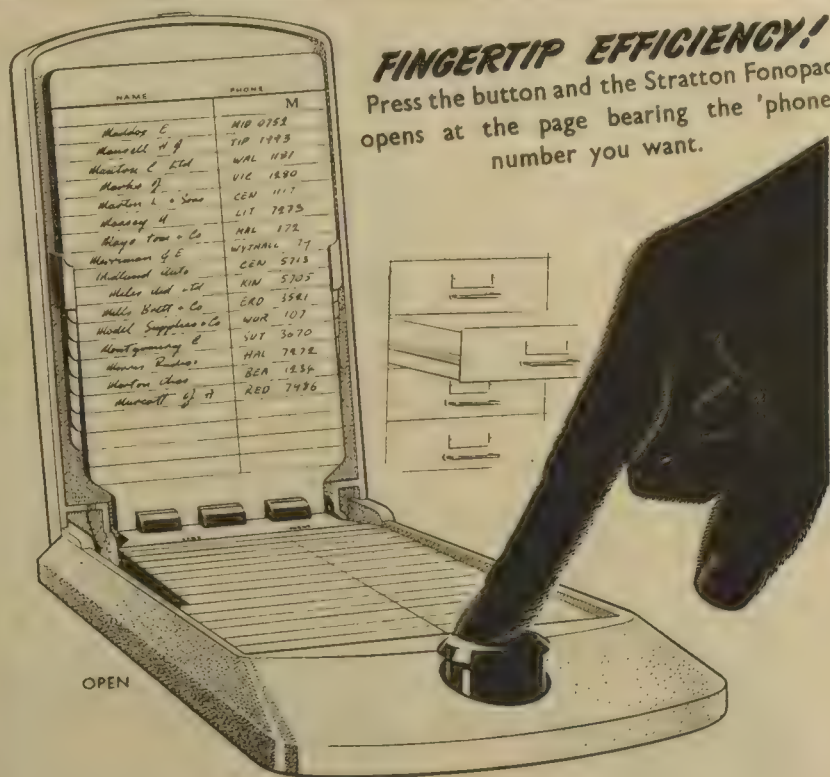
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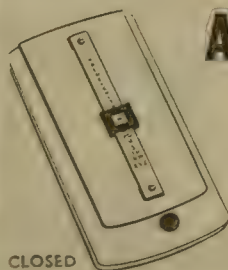


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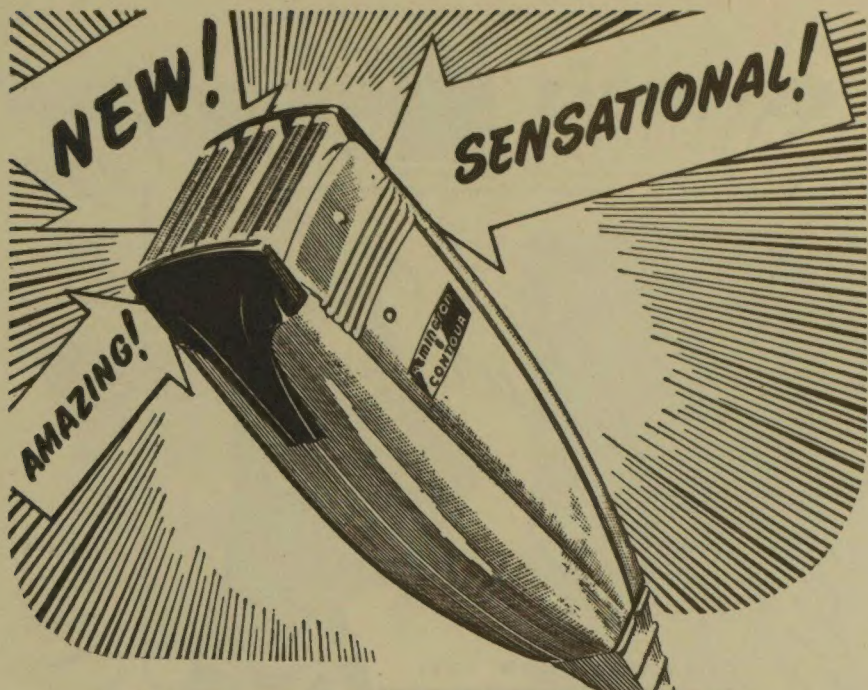
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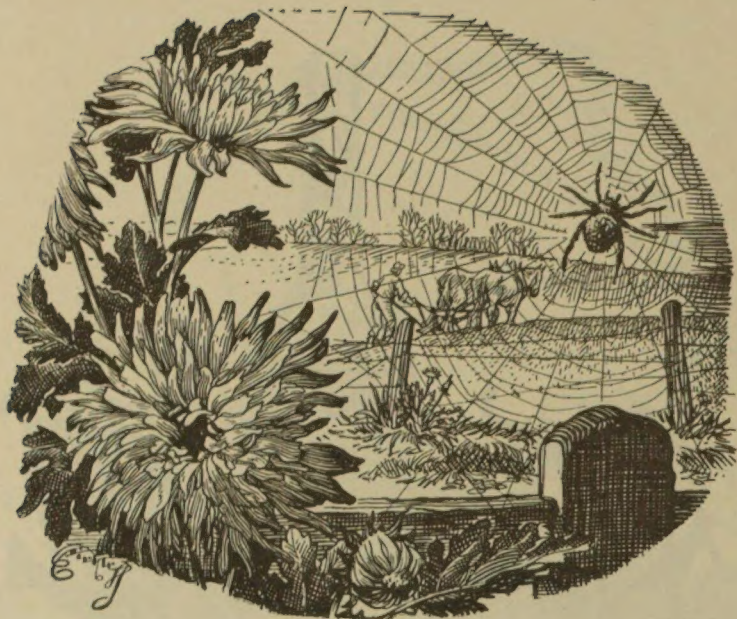
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take a
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Photograph by courtesy of Royal Canadian Air Force



The above photograph by Illustrated's photographer Jack Esten won the premier award in the colour section of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica British News Picture of the Year' competition. It was taken on 'Ektachrome'—a Kodak colour film.

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